

THE
CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

JULY 1911.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

'July 18, THACKERAY b. 1811.'

AH! what a world the words bring back—
Those bald words in the Almanack!

Once more they come—from days long fled—
The towering form, the grand white head;
The upturned look that seems to scent
The paltry and the fraudulent;
The kind eyes that too soon confess
Their sympathy with wretchedness;
Nor only these, but all the train
That issued from that teeming brain.

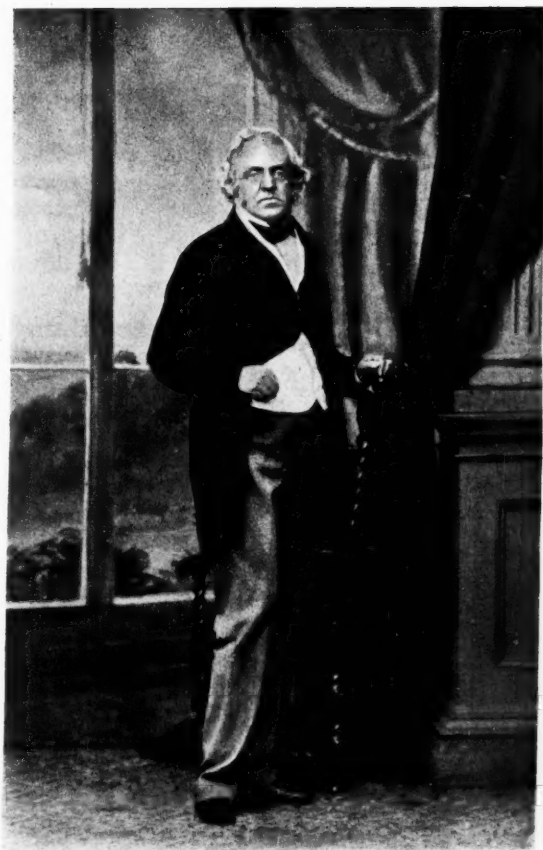
Trooping they enter, one by one,
Distinct and vivid, strangers none;
Nay—if that can be—better known
Than mortal kinsfolk of our own:
'Becky,' 'Amelia,' 'Dobbin,' 'Jos,'
'Pendennis,' 'Warrington' and 'Cos'—
'Cos' with his 'oi'—Pen's uncle too,
'Florac,' the Colonel, 'Ethel,' 'Kew,'
'Trix' and her mother, and not less,
That later 'Trix'—the Baroness,

'Esmond' of course, and 'George,' and 'Harry';
 The rogues and rascals—'Deuceace,' 'Barry,'
 Evil or good, none immature,
 From 'Yellowplush' to 'Barbazure';
 None dimly seen or half-achieved,
 Or drawn too vague to be believed;
 But each, however small the rôle,
 A thing complete, a finished whole.

These are no puppets, smartly drest,
 But jerked by strings too manifest;
 No dummies wearing surface skin
 Without organic frame within;
 Nor do they deal in words and looks
 Found only in the story-books.
 No!—for these beings use their brains,
 Have pulse and vigour in their veins;
 They move, they act; they take and give
 E'en as the master wills; they *live*—
 Live to the limit of their scope,
 Their anger, pleasure, terror, hope.

Because he touched the flaw in all,
 There were who called him cynical;
 Because his mood to pity leant,
 They styled it mawkish sentiment;
 Because—disdaining to make light
 Of wrong by treating it as right—
 He probed the wound he saw exist,
 They dubbed him heartless satirist!

We have reversed all that to-day:
 We know him better—or we may.
 We know he strove by ridicule
 To shame the hypocrite and fool;
 We know, alike in age and youth,
 He sought unshrinkingly for truth;
 Made of no smallest virtue sport;
 Loved honesty and good report;



WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

(AGED 52)

From a photograph of 1863, in the possession of Mrs. Wilson Crewdson.

Went manfully his destined way,
 Doing, as far as in him lay,
 His daily task without pretence—
 With dignity and reticence.¹

Peace to his memory—and his type!
 Too rare, in times grown over-ripe!
 Peace to his memory! Let him rest
 Among our bravest and our best;
 Secure, that through the years to come,
 His voice shall speak, though he be dumb,
 Since men unborn, or glad or vex,
 Must need his sermon and his text.²

He painted Life—the life he knew:
 The roundabout of false and true,
 The ups-and-downs of good and bad,
 The strange vicissitudes and sad,
 The things unsolved, the seeming-chance
 Complexities of Circumstance,
 Yet failed not humbly to recall
 The Power above, controlling all.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

¹ 'Servetur ad imum
 Qualis ab incepto processerit, et sibi constet.'
 (Motto to *Esmond*.)

² See the verses headed 'Vanitas Vanitatum' in *THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE*
 for July 1860, and particularly—

*Pray choose us out another text,
 O man morose and narrow-minded!
 Come turn the page—I read the next,
 And then the next, and still I find it.*

*Methinks the text is never stale,
 And life is every day renewing
 Fresh comments on the old, old tale
 Of Folly, Fortune, Glory, Ruin.*

COCKNEY TRAVELS.¹

BY WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

NOTE.

My Father used to keep many of his papers in a square mahogany box which his publishers had once given him, and there for years the note books have remained, together with the various diaries and the sketch books and scraps of manuscript and packets of letters ; there I have gone from time to time to consult the past and his written words and to clear up the various questions and problems which have arisen.

When I was asked if any manuscript remained which might be of interest to readers of the Centenary Edition, I remembered the story of the 'Knights of Borsellen,' and looking for it I found folded up in the same parcel another manuscript which had been also put away by him and forgotten till now and which is here given. In a corner of an outer page he had written 'Cockney Travels.' Perhaps he never even read it again after writing it down. Writing—especially in his early days—came to him as naturally as thinking did. The impressions arose continuously, following one upon another ; he must sometimes have written being alone for companionship, for his own satisfaction as well as at the calls of his profession. Though he knew the worth of his work, he set little store upon the details of it, and just as designs and drawings came to his pencil so the images of life passed before him and were recorded.

It was after this little journey that he crossed to Ireland and wrote the 'Irish Sketch Book.' Then followed 'Cornhill

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to Cairo' and 'Barry Lyndon,' the many plans and projects of that time in their turn, and as likely as not the 'Cockney Journey' passed from his mind. It will be seen that now and again there are passages and descriptions of great beauty and feeling in these chapters. He was in trouble at the time, but how charmingly the aspects of the world appear before his kind eyes! Take the description of the country round about Tintern Abbey, or that sketch of The Bonny Thatch interior. It all seems painted in bright harmonious colour as we read, not in black and white only.

A. I. R.

I.

SPECULATION IN A RAILWAY CARRIAGE.

It is certain that in the midst of all the speculation, delightful as it is, ten minutes' pause at Swindon, where there are twelve young women behind a counter covered with all sorts of good things which money may buy—ten minutes' stop at Swindon is by no means a disagreeable interruption to those who either have eaten no dinner, or have had the good fortune to gain an appetite since that meal. The little Quakers come back munching biscuits, the red-whiskered hero wipes away from his lips the froth of a pint of Dublin stout, a slight attempt at general conversation takes place, which is carried on for a while pretty briskly and audibly, because the Great Western seems to have over other lines of road this advantage, that one can speak without shouting, and be heard too, so excellently smooth and comfortable are the carriages and the path over which they travel. But hush! In a few minutes the cursed engine sets up his horrible shriek, we enter into a tunnel of three miles long, clap, clap! the great engine gallops through the immense passage—rendered visible by the carriage lamps the darkness flashes swiftly by you—all attempts at conversation are vain. I declare I think it is wicked to talk as one is rushing through one of those awful caverns with mountains piled above, and I have but a poor opinion of the quality of a man's courage who can pass through such places without silence and awe. As long as people think fit to take the lives of criminals, these frightful tunnels would be good places for the operation: a man might be placed upon the top of a carriage (with his back, for mercy's sake we will say, to the dark), looking at the light growing fainter at the tunnel's end, and the horrible darkness closing round and conquering it: and—somewhere in the midst of the place . . . just when the light was gone . . . a sort of head-cutting machine might be fixed, calculated just to take the patient at the neck, and . . . against it the rushing engine would come—. . . and it might scream and yell all the while in its own horrid unearthly fashion . . . and when it issued out into the light again the man would be no more, and so no eye would see the murder done upon him. But this is always said to be mawkish sentimentality: well, I wish no man

hanged, my humble desire goes no farther than that—and I confess honestly that I am frightened in one of those diabolical dark tunnels, which is very likely mawkish sentimentality and weakness, too.

It is ill to quarrel with these rapid strides which the age is making, but can anybody look back to the dear old coach days and a modest nine miles an hour without regret? You take us from one place to another now, it is true, but where is the pleasure of travelling? And what greater pleasure in life was there than that to a hard-worked man come out of a city, to mount a coach, and to see the thousand incidents of the jolly road—the fresh team at the changing places; the pretty girls at the road-side inn, for whom the coachman had always a wink; the fat pike-men smoking their pipes, or yawning at night after the guard's horn had blown them out of bed, while the coach lamps were shining on the white bars of the turnpike, and the horses were surrounded by a sort of golden smoke? Why, bless my soul, I recollect going home for the holidays by the True Blue Coach, six inside—Bell and Crown at Holborn—and we were three and twenty hours nearly going to Bath! We left London at three, we refreshed ourselves at every stage on the way: and what a supper we had at Reading, and what a snug coffee-breakfast (the first of two) at an early hour some thirty miles on! In those days there was something *like* travelling; you were a part of the world, not out of it as on those scoundrelly iron rails; the people did not look like pigmies as they do now from the train windows, nor the cows to be about the size of mice; nor did you look down the chimneys of Englishmen, as you do nowadays, but into their front drawing-room windows where the girls were sitting, who blushed and affected to turn away as you flung them a kiss, and wondered who that charming strange young man could be. All this is gone. Grass grows on the Great North Road, comfortable old inns are desolate, all the snug bar fires out, all the gilt liquor bottles mouldy, and creepers and moss growing over the bar. You no longer travel now, you submit your body to be translated from one spot to another, giving up your identity, your natural existence, during the time in which the translation takes place; you have no longer a sympathy with the road and the people among whom you travel—the very people who wait upon you are mere machines, for to the new-fangled porters and policemen you are ordered not to give money. Ah! old friends of the road, where are you? What a pleasant kindly relationship it was which subsisted between the traveller and you! What a deal

of active good will and lasting friendship did the gift of a shilling here and there engender ! Why, if you gave a waiter half-a-crown you might kick him downstairs, not that he was servile or cowardly—only forbearing and good-humoured, and, knowing your innate generosity, willing to pardon your freaks. Think of the delightful descriptions of inns which Harry Fielding has left us, and even Toby Smollett, the humorous and cantankerous Scot ! Well, the Cyclopean ironmasters have stormed and taken that Heaven from us—that joyous High-road Heaven, with all its fair Inns and kind inhabitants—There are no suppers at the King's Arms, Bagshot, any more ; the Lion at Barnet has dropped his old tail for ever ; and as for the King's Arms at Sevenoaks, I declare that only three weeks since I heard one of the daughters of the house playing a sonata of Thalberg's, which she concluded with a neat Italian song from Norma ! Where are the coachmen and all their coats ? The barmaids and their red, smiling cheeks ? the post-horn (first and second turn out), the comfortable old jingling yellow postchaises and the post-boys ? Let us hope that some other world has been found for them—some happy cloudy, and to us unknown, *post-futurum* !—O fie ! . . . Here the huge engine gives a last scream, and going slowly through an avenue of brick kilns and flaming furnaces, and huge engines that have digested their red-hot loads of charcoal, we stop at a brilliant arcade, and the policemen shout out *BRISTOL*.

II.

IN BRISTOL CITY.

THE Royal Western Hotel is a vast edifice which will commodiously lodge the biggest traveller, and make a day at Bristol a very pleasant one to a stranger. The morning is well spent in a drive over the noble downs of Clifton, where the Bristol merchants have built for themselves a set of fine gleaming white palaces, where there is a Zoological Garden for those who have a desire to see the brute beasts, and magnificent prospects of rock, wood, and river for persons who prefer the picturesque, where the curious in doctor's stuff may taste the waters of the springs, and individuals nautically inclined have an opportunity of seeing the enormousest Iron Steam-boat that ever was known. There are, moreover, to be visited all sorts of fine terraces ; we clamber up the steepes on which the new town is

built, and below are the queerest streets of the old, with great gaunt haunted-looking lodging houses in which our ancestors took pleasure. Then there are the quays, with the Irish boat continually arriving, herds of pigs are discharged from the same, and the squeaking and grunting of those quadrupeds, with the roars and gesticulations of their driver, are profitable subjects for observation, as need hardly here be said. Double is the excitement if one of those interesting passengers from Cork or Waterford happens to tumble into the water—no word of mine can paint the effect produced by an incident of this romantic nature, to which I had the fortune to be witness. If the animal had not been saved I should not, of course, have spoken of the matter in this light way, but saved he was. Alas! he is mostly pork by this time. Part of him has gone off in crackling unnaturally stuffed with sage and onions, part of him is in the tub no doubt, in brine much saltier than that from which he escaped.

Of Bristol itself, although they say that of late years, and since the alteration in West Indian affairs, its prosperity has greatly decreased, indeed one can only say that it seems to bear its misfortunes most cheerfully, and must have been so rich as to have plenty to fall back upon when the evil day came. It is the most comfortable city I ever saw, with a plentiful florid John Bull appearance that does one good to see. The river seems wonderfully full of ships for a failing place, there is great bustle on the quays, and along them the most delightful old-fashioned warehouses, alehouses, and quaint old shops with outlandish wares. India goods, feathers, parrots, shells, monkeys, old china—such things as old-fashioned mariners used to bring home from their voyages—perhaps they have never been sold since the old days, they look old and queer enough to make one think so.

There are some grand houses, too, in the streets of the old English sort; with carved wood, and gables, and low porches, and the whole side of the houses covered with glass. Corn Street and Wine Street are rich-sounding names, and the streets so christened look becomingly prosperous. Here stand banks, Commercial Buildings, Athenæums, and handsome rich-looking shops, not having the tawdry Regent Street splendour, but a comfort of their own. They look warm in spite of all that is said about the decadence of the town. The Bristolians have a proper contempt, as I should presume, for art (though I did not visit the Bristol Exhibition, which stands in a street on a steep hill near the hotel which

appears to be entirely inhabited by doctors); but the print-shops were hung with the worst prints I ever saw—among them a series by a temperance painter representing the Drunkard's Progress (very well meaning but most odious in execution) and I have caught a view of the same performances in many of the Southern towns through which I have been. In the windows of the book shops tracts and such sort of theology seemed to be the chief objects exhibited; numbers of Quakers were in the streets, numbers of men and ladies with dissenting physiognomies (though it may appear rather bold in a stranger to attempt to judge of people at first glance by the art of their clothes or the appearance of their hair and hats), and great numbers of chapels likewise flourished all about.

I went to the Cathedral, a venerable old place, though of no great beauty, which stands on one side of a solemn-looking old square, with dark brick houses and large trees all around. The Square was pretty well filled with nurseries and their maids, but the Cathedral was quite empty. There were not four people, I think (besides the officials), to hear the service, of all the hundreds, thousands, swarming in the city. The organ is beautiful, the choruses of the anthem were charmingly sung by the boys of the choir, and there was a very old quavering tenor who piped out the solo parts with a voice woefully out of tune. I don't know why, but there was something pleasant in the very badness of his singing. I felt a respect for the old tenor. He seemed to say, 'Here I am, I am a hundred years old, and have lost my voice long, long ago—but I am faithful to the old singing-desk, though nobody cares for my singing, nor for what I sing. Go to the Ebenezer or the New Jerusalem, and you will hear five hundred lusty throats roaring, but of all the hundred thousand in this city not one is there to sing the good old anthems. I am the last of the Choristers—the poor old worn-out Cathedral swan, and though I die I will sing!' So he quavered out Jubilate and Alleluia to the best of his weak old lungs, the boys taking their parts with their rich fresh soaring voices, and then talking aside to each other or looking quite indifferent. The moment the anthem was over the organist (or a respectable person in black whom I took to be the organist) slunk down the loft-stairs, and gave a smooth to his hat and went his way. He did not wait for the prayer. It has always been a wonder to me how people ever dare to do such a thing—turning their backs upon What no man writing lightly in a magazine has a right to name. I would lay a

wager, however, that if a man were asked to dine with a Duke he would not leave the table the moment he had eaten enough—he would wait at least until he had the signal for rising. It is only in cathedrals that gentlemen and ladies permit themselves this act of impertinence—dropping in just to the part of the feast they like, and then sauntering out again, as if they had honoured the place by coming at all. I was pleased to see a little ragged beggar-boy with naked feet, who sate humbly in the transept, and waited very attentively all the service through; and I should like to have been a great prince, and to have taken him to a broker's shop, and have given him a handsome suit of clothes with brass buttons, and the best pair of bluchers in all Bristol. As it was, I presented him with a slight donation of twopence, at which gift he seemed very much surprised.

He would not have come there to beg, that is clear, for there were only four for a congregation besides himself.

The church is decorated with some of the most hideous ornaments, of the fashion of some fifty or sixty years back—urns and willows innumerable: with epitaphs stating that Mr. This, late of the Island of Barbadoes, or Mr. Tother, late of Jamaica, lie buried near this spot. They were chiefly dedicated to persons of the West Indies Interest, who (from these documents) must have been without exception the most virtuous and noble-minded creatures that ever adorned this or any other island. There is a very weak Basso Relievo by Bacon in honour of Sterne's Mrs. Draper, and some stout old monuments of James and Elizabeth's time.

III.

CHEPSTOW AND THE NEIGHBOURHOOD.

THE rain had poured heavily during the first day of our arrival at Chepstow and it was vain to attempt to see any of the beauties of the place; only the writer of this, having indiscreetly scrambled up a hill on the opposite bank of the Wye, had the pleasure of sitting perdu under a thickset hedge for full an hour and a half while the rain poured down. As that great author sat under the hedge he had the misfortune to behold an artist, who had been perched upon a nook of the cliff making a drawing of the town, run away dripping, Nature having covered his drawing over with a transparent wash of her own preparing, and presently afterwards the celebrated

literary man rising from his shelter, as there was nothing else for it, had the good luck to find (though, to be sure, the good luck might have come a little earlier) that there was refuge hard by in a little alehouse that goes by the pretty name of The Bonny Thatch.

At The Bonny Thatch was a policeman drying his wet shins at a snug fire, and a pretty little coquette of a landlady's daughter, a pretty maid and a landlady who had been pretty once, nay is for the matter of that at this present writing, there they were all seated in a window shelling peas. To them presently came two ladies wet through though in pattens, who without ceremony began to arrange their garments in a little shed just outside the door, refusing, however, any offers of aid which some kind wags from within made them. An old dog lay asleep by the fire, on which a pot with a piece of bacon was boiling; near the dog on a carved sort of bench that goes along one side of the room an old landlord was similarly dozing. The room was just six feet two inches and three-quarters in height between the beams and about nine feet square—dark, neat, pretty and comfortable. I should have passed the day there with pleasure, for presently came in various characters—a gentleman whose cart stood in the yard and who arrived with a load of coals, a labourer—I am sorry to say tipsy, though at that early hour in the day—an old trumper with an oiled-skin hat on which was written '*One of Nelson's veterans*.' This old trumper, having had to do with brimstone and charcoal in his early life when the two sent forth shots among the French, was now compelled to deal with the former articles in a much more humble though useful shape. He had a little store of matches by which he made believe to get a livelihood, and accepted a sixpence with perfect willingness, uttering at the same time a long string of tabernacular phrases which were by no means too pleasant to hear. Well, the lay preachers of fancy denominations have done this for us, and the most sacred of all names, which a man ought to go down on his knees before he uttered, is bandied about by every prating vagabond with a familiarity that makes one sad to hear.

I should like to have had this fellow out of the conventicle and upon the deck; he had served with Nelson and Collingwood, he said, and afterwards with Admiral Pellew who was made Lord Exmouth (please lay the emphasis on the mouth): but the fact was the landlady, being a person of very genteel turn of mind (indeed as I learned afterwards she had been ladies' maid to a respectable family), would not allow one to remain in the snug little Fieldingian kitchen,

but insisted that the gentleman should go and sit in an upstairs room which she usually let to her lodgers. I could not but obey, and there found myself on a damp day looking upon Chepstow Castle, or with the liberty to look at it if I chose; but as the rain was so strong that it was impossible to see it I preferred to read Mr. Lockhart's *Valerius*, which I had the good luck to carry with me. And it is very probable that the reader would have been surprised by an elaborate criticism upon that book (which is full of learning and thought, and of passion and right feeling where the author dares to unlace himself to avow it, and the hero of which may be designated as a most gentlemanlike, correct, Bond Street Christian)—I say that the reader might probably have been charmed at the very next sentence by a criticism upon *Valerius*, had not the real owner of the lodgings at The Bonny Thatch come in to his apartment. It is a very snug and pretty one, but it appears the landlady in her zeal to show what rooms she had quite forgot the laws which make every man's lodging his castle and introduced me to the privacy of another person.

The only reply which the occupier of the room made was to offer me a dinner, and lend a cloak to go home in. May there be many such kind acquaintances for all wayfarers in this wide rainy world! The girl of The Bonny Thatch said that the price of his room and board (I will witness that I saw a most excellent repast consisting of a beefsteak, new potatoes, the very peas that I had the honour to see shelled, and the bacon that had just issued from the very pot before-mentioned)—the price of two rooms and board is a guinea weekly. A guinea a week, think of that! At six hours, from London, in the face of a beautiful landscape, in a little quiet shady hedge inn, with the Chepstow town and castle before you, with the Wye running under them, and on the Wye the best salmon that was ever eaten in the world.

A lunch at The Bonny Thatch, consisting of cheese, butter, bread and excellent hard cider, costs fourpence.

But to return to the salmon. This is without contradiction the most delightful of all the varieties of the fish that I have ever tasted. It is impossible to describe its freshness and beauty. It comes to you with all the dew upon it, as it were. It is almost a shame to put any sauce to it. It is best eaten with a little salt and a slice of bread. It leaves the inner man in an unspeakable state of rapture and ease and comfort. It remains upon the recollection quite gratefully, as some joy which one has experienced and can't forget, something for which one should be thankful always. You

sneer—but why not? My good sir, the more good things a man can enjoy in life the better for him. Some men love whist, some fox-hunting, some geography, some love to read the Parliamentary Debates every evening—ought we to sneer at them? No, all these amusements are innocent in themselves (naturally used), and lucky he who can be fond of the greatest number of them. But let it be distinctly understood that a man, though he speak kindly of former days past in the company of Wye salmon, ought not to *regret* the same—no, though red-herrings were to be his lot.

IV.

FINE WEATHER.

THE next day (it was a Sunday) broke out in beautiful brilliancy; and we had the opportunity of seeing Chepstow Castle, and the neighbouring lions. As for Chepstow Castle, what to say of it? It stands on a height commanding the river and town, and there is an old gate of a pretty form of architecture at which we knocked for admittance. There is a crevice up above through which the portcullis chains were doubtless lowered; and two convenient holes, doubtless for pouring boiling lead, water, or other material on the heads of those persons who unduly requested an entrance.

A little prim damsel came to the wicket and said in a demure voice, 'The castle is not shown on Sundays'; then, hearing certain monosyllabic remarks in which we professed (though very harmlessly) to call down extreme punishment upon the eyes of the builders, owners and occupiers of the place, and hearing no doubt retreating footsteps, the damsel lifted up her voice again and said, 'The castle is not shown on Sundays, unless to those who are going away,' wherewith the wicket was undone, and we (mentally) recalled those invidious remarks which had been made about the proprietors and holders of the place.

'This,' said the damsel, looking round solemnly, 'is the first court'—which was evident. There was a bright green lawn surrounded by gray towers and walls some twenty feet in height, here and there a walnut tree growing—other trees in the enclosure and ivy everywhere.

Then we passed through a gate, and came to a second enclosure. 'This is the second court,' said the damsel, and so on until we came to the fourth court, from which we turned away having seen all that

was necessary, viz.—having mounted up certain stairs and peeped into certain holes commanding a view of the river, and so on. The evening sun was gilding the whole place with wonderful brilliancy, and as one looked at the old towers gleaming in it, and the wooded banks, and the shining river, and the pale walnut-trees here and there, the scene very much resembled an evening on the Rhine.

The keep tower is rather famous as the place of Harry Marten's confinement. The stout old republican lay here for twenty years leniently dealt with, until apoplexy seized him by the throat, and he lies buried in the church of Chepstow, a handsome and correct Norman structure. It has been new coated with stone, and the ancient architectural style well imitated. There is a noble Norman arch at the tower of the church, and a pretty green cloister of trees that run through the churchyard. This is strongly railled off from the vulgar. Why? For a churchyard wall is always a pleasant one, and why should not little children play at hide and seek among the tombstones? I saw some at that work in a churchyard at Bristol and regretted not to be a didactic poet, else a sonnet with appropriate moralities might have been dashed off in the note book instantane.

We came out of the castle after the demure maid had shown it to us, descending by a pleasant grassy steep which leads to the gate, and thence to the places where the moat once was, but of which the only part that now has water in it is a sort of wash or pond on which some of the houses of the main street abut. And here we had an opportunity to see further instances of the propriety of the place: for whereas certain little children were standing on the brink of this wash, amusing themselves on the calm summer evening (and what better amusement is there?) in flinging stones into the wash and watching with delight the flops of the stones, and the wonderful rings which, disappearing, they make in the water—behold along the wall which skirts the pond, and from a garden belonging to a prim white house with green blinds in the street hard by, there rushed a gentleman in dandyfied clothes, with his hat very much on one side, who began making a furious attack (in words) from his place on the wall, clenching his fist at the poor little rogues, mouthing at them, and using all sorts of fierce gesticulations. The boldest of the startled crew came forward, flung one more stone into the water, and then all of them strolled away: when, seeing himself master of the territory, the gentleman gave a scowl at us and, putting his hands in his pockets, strutted back over his wall.

I instantly knew who the fellow must be, and offered to bet the gentlemen present that he was the attorney of the place, or if they chose proposed that we should go down and fling stones ourselves into the pond for half an hour, and if the young gentleman again presented himself, take an opportunity of picking a quarrel with him and mayhap sending him into the wash after the stones. What business had he to disturb little children in their play, that bullying, swaggering attorney? Why had they not as good a right to fling stones into the pond as he had to walk in his garden? It is but a public horse-pond to which the fellow has no claim (except in the way before stated), and I should like to know what more harmless moral sport there is than to fling stones into a pond? I should have won my bet too: for we went round into the street and inquired of a woman standing near it whose was the handsome house? She said it was Mr. Somebody's, the solicitor, and very much beloved and respected that solicitor is no doubt.

There is an old wall which rises at the back of the tower, and gives it a strong resemblance to some Rhenish fortified place—and skirting the wall among gardens and orchards rise many picturesque old gable-ended houses—among them those of our Inn, the George, which may be parenthetically recommended as one of the cleanest, neatest, cheerfullest, fresh-salmon-givingest Inns to be found anywhere.

In the streets and over the little shabby shops of the place, the names of Jenkins and Jones, of Price and Watkins, show you into what country you are coming—there is a suburb along the river with little quays and little old faded store-houses, and a dry dock, and a few small craft on the river, and here you see a few sailors lounging about with the fair companions of their leisure hours, and a few tradesmen smoking pipes at little inns, an hostler in a white jacket, who has come out to give the *dawg* a bathe, some street boys swinging about on the bars of the dock, furthermore, a boat in the course of building, of which the natives are very proud. High upon the Gloucester shore side of the river are picturesque rocks and foliage, and green fields, among which, on the calm Sunday evening, the young men and maidens of Chepstow may be seen to stroll.

Such wonderful objects did we remark on our walk—likewise we had the opportunity of listening as amateurs to a sermon from one of the score of little meeting-houses which are scattered through the place. The preacher was roaring in the old sickening tabernacle

twang, roaring bad grammar in a bad West-country accent, and speaking of the designs of Providence as if he were Heaven's private secretary. It was better to be at the side of the pond seeing the children flinging stones into the water.

V.

TINTERN ABBEY.

THE excursion from Chepstow to Tintern is of the exact length and comfort to suit a Londoner's taste. A fly, at a moderate remuneration, will 'waft you,' as a celebrated author says of a ship, from the old town to the old abbey, and restore you to your inn in four hours, of which not one minute has been tedious—the distance is about six miles, and the road lies on a huge bank that overlooks the river Wye, not so high, however, but that there is a huge wall of rocks above, nobly clad with foliage of a thousand different greens. The river itself on which you look down flows through a peaceful flat of rich green pasture, on which diminutive cows are beheld grazing, and over which the sunshine and the shadow of the clouds chase each other as if in play. This tableland is walled round, too, by hills on the farther side; some of which slope partly down towards it, being covered from head to foot with noble verdure, while elsewhere long purple ridges of rocks rise up abruptly, their sides adorned here and there with creepers or scarred with huge fissures down which water has made its way. Above the rocks and their dark crests of trees extend in a long flashing line the Channel and the Severn, and in the extreme distance, the soft purple-gray hills of Gloucestershire stretch far away. There is almost every kind of natural beauty to be found along this little tract of country. The rocks as tall, the fields as green, the woods as rich, the river as meandering, as heart can desire; and if we were hinting humbly to find a fault, it would be that the rocks do not look severe enough for rocks, they look like good-natured old guardians of the valley, rather than grim tyrants of it,—as if they could not help smiling at the incomparable beauty and peacefulness of the scene round about. As for the foliage, there must have been at least a thousand different greens in that glorious palette, which Nature set for painting the scene, and the eye gazing on the wonderful difference and harmony of them is delighted and charmed, not

dazzled or fatigued with these brilliant variations which the great Master of all artists plays for our delight.

Within a few furlongs out of Chepstow the delightful view begins. You pass a little quiet Catholic chapel, and a pert-looking Independent brother by its side—then a rich green glade covered with all sorts of graceful trees and sloping down to the old castle, then a Gothic turnpike where a one-horse shay pays sixpence, and presently after a grand gate with two lions which guard the entrance to that famous Piercefield Park, the walk through which is celebrated throughout Europe. It was, perhaps, on account of this very reputation, that we were glad to keep to the beaten track, and did not send in visiting-tickets to Squire Wells. There are such things as views which are too handsome—such as lakes with temples—but it is best, however, to pretermit this kind of criticism by innuendo, and simply discourse on what we did see. We saw the village of Piercefield, a pleasant village with a pleasant-looking inn—we reached another florid Gothic turnpike, and striking along the rock-road with the noble landscape just spoken of before us, presently we turned up a lane in which at a given place we were told to descend, and see the Wind Rock. This is one of the steepest of the rocks on the road and commands views from its summit stretching miles across land and water. The wood of the rock itself is beautiful, and a curious descent is practised down the almost perpendicular steep by means of ingenious zig-zag walks and rude steps along which a guide leads you. It is a delightful walk—delightful as you walk and delightful, I must confess, when you have done ; in the first place, there are all sorts of rocks and trees and caverns and wonderful creeping plants to see, and secondly, the walk is long, slippery, steep, and not altogether agreeable to cockney feet—a slip over a smooth root, or the giving way of a stone, might put an end to all bodily excursions for the future, whether up hill or down. I do not know the height of the Wind Cliff—the guide-book says it is ‘most awful’—hard to descend, still harder to mount : but there is a good-natured woman at the bottom who mounts most cheerfully for a shilling, and will do so many times in the day. The Lord Mayor and Aldermen of London would *crever* before they had ascended a quarter of the number of steps. But let us consider, on the other hand, that Nature sets different tasks upon different persons. Try the lady of the Wind Cliff at some of the duties which hard fate enjoins upon mayors

and aldermen. 'Tis probable that a week's turtle would kill her outright.

A remark, however, which for the sake of all obese travellers it is fair to make is this : that ninety-nine times in a hundred the ascent of mountains so steep, so painful to the lungs of the tourist, brings no gratification to the eyes which may compensate for the hardships which the rest of the body endures. As a general rule, *avoid going up mountains* and leave such recreations to leather-lunged students of the universities, men who find a gratification in killing themselves at a boat-race, or standing during a couple of the dog-days before or behind three yellow wickets at Lord's. It is exercise that those people love for the most part who ascend mountains, not Nature, and I believe the accounts they bring us down from Mont Blanc, Himalaya peaks, &c., are pure fables, for if they said they saw the moon and the sun shining there together, or discovered a frozen rainbow, how could we deny them ? Well then, the fact is that the view from the summit of Wind Cliff is by no means so good as that from the base of it—you get a greater expanse it is true, embracing the Severn, the Channel, the sea, and counties upon counties of the land, but the objects are too numerous to be distinct, and the eye wanders perplexed over such vast tracts of landscape. At the foot of the rock, up and down which the worthy Monmouthshire lass trips so many times a day, is a pretty little toy of a cottage, containing a huge walnut-tree slab, being the section of an ancient tree that stood a few years back in Chepstow moat, and was blown down by a storm. The little rooms, seats, nay, chandeliers, of this cottage are all daintily covered with moss, and the cottage is hidden from the road by a thicket of laurels : here parties may picnic at their leisure, and passing it on the next day, we heard issuing from the thicket the sound of a Welsh harp, a very old, feeble, and unsatisfactory instrument, that performed for a considerable period a certain tune called 'Poor Marianne,' that the British public has probably heard ere this.

It appeared as we left Chepstow that a great missionary meeting was to be held there for taking into consideration the means of converting that benighted race the Chocktaw Indians (or it may have been the Mohicans, I am not sure of the tribe), but the announcement had set the whole country it appeared in motion, and for ten miles on the way to Monmouth we saw little dumpy double-bodied chaises lugging along the road, with weary ponies dragging honest clergymen's families. Thus, I had the opportunity to see

many clergymen of the district, for all of whom Mr. Coachman had a respectful bow, and many of whose histories he was good enough to relate. At last came one, with an honest, smiling Parson-Adams sort of face, and he was trudging on foot; and I have introduced him and the meeting, and all the clergy and the cruelty-gigs, and the whole sentence out of compliment to a new contributor to this magazine,¹ Mr. Fitz-Boodle (to whom I beg to state that my name is *Tit*, not Tid-Marsh as he chooses to call me). Well, this honest parson trudging on foot eight miles to the meeting was smoking a pipe as we clearly saw; but a dread of the world's scorn got the better of him as he came up to the coach, and he absolutely put the filthy implement into his pocket, and walked by with as innocent a look as possible. Well might he be ashamed, and I have never been able to comprehend how a gentleman could indulge in such a horrible practice: but I fear very much that the reverend gentleman as soon as we were past had his pipe out again: it would have burned his pockets else.

A turn of the road brings you in sight of the green valley in which among orchards, and little cottages reposing under its shadow, the noble old abbey of Tintern rises up. The river, to which stretch pleasant green pastures, lies a couple of furlongs off, and the whole of the valley is surrounded by high hills of wood on either side of the stream which give to the Abbey and the lands about it a beautiful air of repose and comfort. What have been the out-buildings of the place have been fashioned into cottages, and the lovely little village of Tintern climbs the rock, a short distance up the river, where there seem to be one or two houses left almost as old and gray as the Abbey itself.

I never saw such a magnificent elegance and simplicity in any Gothic building. All the ornaments, the windows, the arches of the quaint old doors, rising up out of the brightest sward in the world, are wonderfully graceful and pure: nor could an architect, as I fancy, do better than spend a couple of summer months at Tintern, and without having recourse to sketch book, or rule and compass, stroll round and round the ruin all the day through, lie at his leisure in the neighbouring croft and orchards, and fill his mind with the noble sentiment of the place. It is not disfigured by any of the elaborate architectural gewgaws and grotesque ornaments which one sees in the buildings of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The whole structure, and all parts of it, are distinguished by the most

¹ *Fraser's Magazine* (?)

high-bred propriety and simplicity. The common guide books say that only twelve monks inhabited the vast Abbey; and here it is impossible to lay one's hands upon other authorities to know what its revenue and history were, what wonders were worked by its shrine, or how any twelve happy Cistercians should come to inhabit a place of such prodigious grandeur. They must have been the finest gentlemen in Europe, these cowed Epicureans—that is clear. The whole place speaks of happy graceful reveries and pleasant contemplation. The landscape round about is beautiful enough to charm and satisfy the eye—green, peaceful, plenteous, full of grace—orchards thick with fruit, fields covered with corn and fresh clover, a noble stream not too wide nor deep, but full of fish and beautifully clear—pleasant brooks and hills girding the valley round, and in the midst of it this noble structure. With such a delightful scene before him, a man could hardly wish for wider prospects, or even for sublimity and grandeur. What a life must those old monks have passed. But one day

Bluff Harry broke into the space
And turned the cowls adrift,

and handed over the revenues of the Abbey to one of the ancestors of his Grace the Duke of Beaufort, whom all tourists in this very neighbourhood are bound to thank for the care which he has taken of their pleasures.

A number of choristers clothed in black are still to be found in the abbey church who exercise their throats all day long—there are a colony of jackdaws, who may be seen whistling round the abbey pinnacles, and heard chattering always—their very noise somehow adds to the agreeable silence, as you stand within and gaze in a sort of happy wonder upon the ruin.

Let no man commit the impertinence to draw out a sketch-book—indeed, it is quite in vain to attempt by a few strokes of pen or pencil to give any description of this wonderful ruin; though the roof is gone, the church walls are entire, ivy covers some of them, and the arches, windows, and ornaments of many are complete; a delightful fine green carpet of grass covers the whole floor of the abbey—designing its shape admirably, and painted continually according to the position of the sun, with the most beautiful silhouettes of the tracery of the windows and of the walls. Here and there in the grass appears the tomb of an abbot, or monk, with worn-out black-letter inscriptions of his title, and strange mystical

crosses and croziers carved on the stone. Broken ornaments and capitals, old mutilated statues of warriors and priests lie carefully piled against the columns: some of these are gone, but the bases of all remain, and give upon the green ground a plan of the old edifice. To the left from the great gate, and near the chancel, you issue into a little green which conducted to the refectory, but of which some windows still remain: two or three vaulted chambers or cells are, however, perfect, with strong groined roofs beautifully cut, in which you can still see the sharp strokes of the chisel. But how useless are descriptions of this sort! With Dugdale and a few books at the British Museum, one might make them far more accurate—and thus, having described as far as words will let one, not one soul who reads will have an idea of the place. However, let every man go and judge for himself, who has two days and three guineas to spare—especially, let all persons who have the habit of travelling abroad take this advice and see what wonderful, beautiful things are lying at hand at home, and may be reached between the hours of breakfast and dinner-time.

VI.

BY COACH TO HEREFORD.

A COACH bound to Monmouth and Hereford passes Tintern at two o'clock, and the ride to the former place carries the traveller along the banks of the Wye, by a thousand delightful scenes of which, as has wisely been said concerning the view at Tintern, all description is vain. But the forest forty miles of the fifty lying between Hereford and Chepstow are so exceedingly beautiful, that when at about ten miles from the last named city, we found ourselves in an unambitious agreeable country with nothing peculiar in it except freshness and quiet and smiling cultivation, I felt quite relieved that my eyes were dazzled no more, and that we had almost done with beauties for the day. A man should not have too much of them who enjoys them very keenly, nor are those persons to be much envied who take holiday scampers across the Alps or on the Rhine, for they must either be bewildered when they come back again, or their senses must have been dull at starting, and their enjoyments not worth the sharing.

Of the city of Hereford it behoves me to speak in terms of the

most bitter reprehension. As you approach it from the other side of the view, the meadows, trees and gardens on either side of the bank, the old towers and steeples of the city itself have a picturesque and cheerful look, which is, however, most grossly deceptive as the traveller finds on making a more intimate acquaintance with the place. The houses are for the most part square, with small regular windows, of the hideous sort of style prevalent, say, in the year 1780, and they are formed of a sort of dirty crimson-coloured brick, the most disagreeable to the eye of all brick I ever saw.

The streets are wide and airy : but as the human subject looks most especially melancholy when, after being pulled down by a fever, he assumes the clothes which fitted him when his body was lusty and plump, so also the town of Hereford looks vastly too large for the dwindled inhabitants, and they the more woe begone and dismal on account of the vast size of the streets about them. The place is more dull even than any continental provincial city, more still than Antwerp, but not so picturesque—single steps go pattering here and there over the sunny flags ; crimson-brick houses to let meet you everywhere, with cracked windows letting in the air, and old, stingy, shabby-genteel doors with knockers rubbed and green paint turning blue. The numerous churches in the town keep up continual carillonades of bells—always a melancholy, eremitical, solitary music. The town looks like Sunday, in fact, and all the people gone to church. The people never come out of church as I fancy in this unorthodox shovel-hatted city, and it seems never to be Monday.

The inn whither we went was quite in character—a house of the most melancholy entertainment—a huge genteel edifice, too, with a shabby air of quality which rendered it, of course, doubly disagreeable. Oh, my dear Mr. Beney, of the Hand and Sceptre Inn, Southborough, near Tunbridge Wells, how I envied your snug smiling green parlour, your unostentatious ducks and green peas, your pretty garden and sparkling cider, your kind, bustling welcome, as well to travellers who preferred the genteel part of your house, as to him who alighted at your tap. Oh, BENEY ! how I yearned for the Hand and Sceptre Inn, in that huge, genteel hotel ! The landlord who was standing at the door received us with a solemn inclination of the head ; he looked, dressed, and smiled like an undertaker, and the landlady looked as if she had just stepped out of a coffin—you passed through a huge, gloomy passage, by an old lofty mouldy bar ; old comfortless tea-cups and feeble custard

glasses were hanging round this tempting place, with a fine staircase branching away right and left to the bedrooms of the mansion. The coffee room is one of those unhappy rooms of which I have seen a specimen at York, and is called a subscription coffee room. There are no carpets, no chairs, no cushions even to the benches. The skin and bones of a coffee room with a look of prim self-satisfaction that renders the place doubly odious.

Looking out of the dismal window was the lifeless street, and hard by a huge church of the sarcophagus order of architecture, neat, plain, of a ghastly respectability. Two or three people were lolling in front of the hotel, an easy hostler or two, and a lazy clerk from a black empty coach-office hard by, striped with a few old dirty coach-bills for ornament rather than for use. On the table opposite me was placed a pint decanter of sherry and two glasses, half the wine was left, the cheerfulness of the two drinkers had deserted them after they had taken each the half of a half pint, or they were too respectable to indulge further. What a scene! Hark! there is actually a carriage coming up the street—it comes, startling the echoes with a weak rattling jingle. It stops at the hotel. An old man in black is driving two old horses, a young gentleman in profound mourning with a pale face and white neck-cloth, descends and gives his arm to an old gentleman, likewise in mourning and evidently on the verge of death. By heaven, it is too bad! Thinking there was some fatality hanging over me in the place, I made a rush for my hat, and went abroad into the streets.

They were not much more cheerful, but at least the sun was shining his best and giving as gay an aspect as he could to this Herefordshire Palmyra. I passed a gaudy new Roman Catholic Chapel painted yellow, and so distinguished from the scarlet abominations round about it. It has a cupola glistening with painted glass, and looks trim and prosperous. Hard by was a religious book-shop, with 'Answers to Sibthorp's pamphlets, why I have become a Catholic?' The man had only these 'answers,' he did not keep the pamphlets, but said the pamphlets contained a deal of extracts from it. Amiable propensity of the world to hear both sides of a question!

The etymology of Hereford cannot be ascertained. Like many other places founded in a remote and obscure period, the particular circumstances which gave rise to the name have not been recorded: ingenious persons have, however, attempted to supply by conjecture what was wanting in information; yet for want of the

necessary data, their opinions have been various contradictions. The celebrated Camden thought that the name was derived from *Areconium*. Some persons have since supposed that it was derived from *Here is a ford*, or, *Here I ford*, words used by the Saxons when they discovered a ford. (Here follow more opinions) . . . The different theories are given for the information of the ingenious inquirer in order that he may judge for himself.

The Romans called the country Siluria, because they called the inhabitants Silures. Hereford has given birth to many *Literary characters*, among which were : John Breton or Britton, LL.D., who was preferred to the see of Hereford in the year 1268 ; he wrote a learned book called the 'Laws of England' which is yet extant, *and is in some repute*.

Then come Adam de Orilton, Roger of Hereford (who wrote a treatise on political astronomy), Miles Smith, who wrote the 'pious and excellent preface to the Bible.' Heraldry Gwillim, Humphrey Ely, a Roman exile, a professor of Civil Law at Lorrain about 1604. John Davis and Richard Gerthay, both celebrated in the art of Penmanship, David Garrick, John Phillips, the author of the celebrated Poem, '*Cyder*,' *who was not born in this county*, and William Boome, Esquire, who had formed the plan of the history of his county, a work for which he was eminently fit—but, as was to be regretted, he destroyed the MS.

Bishop of the Diocese. The Bishop of H. on a vacancy of the see by death or translation is elected by the Dean and Chapter, when leave is given them by the Crown to proceed to the election of a successor, *and the person recommended by the Crown is he who is elected on the occasion*.

VII.

LOOKING BACK.

On coming to a long halt after this two or three days' little journey, one looks back with a sort of wonder at the exceeding natural beauty of the country that we have had the good fortune to go through. People cry out about the Rhine and Switzerland, and make weary pilgrimages through flat dismal French provinces in bone-breaking diligences in order to reach the South of France—and here within six hours of Bow church, for Chepstow is by the railroad no more, you commence upon a series of beautiful views such as I do believe

are not to be surpassed in all Europe—to be exceeded in sublimity no doubt, but not in wholesome manly freshness and beauty, if such epithets may be permitted. The ride from Shrewsbury to Chester to-day, though different in character, has not been in the least inferior in interest to the two former days' jaunts; skirting some charming little lakes, and itself going over rather high and undulating ground; hanging round about it immense plains of extraordinary richness and verdure, bounded by purple fantastical-shaped mountains of Denbighshire and Merioneth, and lighted up by and relieved by every caprice of shadow and sunshine. Every village that we passed through was a picture—huge trees shading old mouldering churches, pleasant country inns and clinking smithies by the roadside, sedate-looking grey farm-houses with ivied gable ends standing in the midst of their comfortable stacks, and farm-buildings with close orchards round about. Then come the appropriate figures of such pleasing landscape—three or four children trolling out of a cottage gate, crowing and shouting as the gay coach went by, a stately looking bay stallion with his flanks shining in the sun, that arches his great neck and begins to plunge at the passing coach. Yonder is a huge old mill with a great wheel, flapping and turning up diamonds out of a deep rushy black stream. The court yard is full of sacks, and a cart or two stand in it—and at half a dozen of the queer little uneven windows you see as many of the miller's men, all white with flour, and winking at the coach with the sun in their eyes. Yonder come half a dozen manly looking fellows, strong men decently dressed in stout smock-frocks, who hold up their hats to the coach as we pass and look very piteously. We were half a mile away before I knew what they were—they were colliers out of employ, with no resource but that, poor fellows, of holding out unavailing hats to coaches and starving!—until it pleases God to send them work. The sight of them passed over the day's pleasure like a cloud, and many a time have I thought of them since. What are they doing at this minute, those honest poor fellows? There they are, strong, willing, honest, and no bread! They starve, but they do not rob as we hear of: they are only faint and hungry, with sick wives and craving children sitting desolately in empty cottages while we are calling for a fresh bottle. Well, they pine on, and do not rob that we know—taking from no man, though they have nothing. Would you who read this have so much forbearance? If your little children were to come up to you for bread and you had none of your own, after using all honest

means to win it, would you, when it was refused you, get up and take it? If you did, sir, by Heavens, I don't think that you would be a whit less honest than you are now. But consider the example. Why I suppose there are millions of men in England as bad off as starvation can ever make them, and yet they steal from no one. They are of the sort that we call 'the unwashed' and make jokes about, when they meet together in a miserable community of want and ruin, and talk of charters and people's rights and altering the government of the land. They will listen to any one who seems to sympathise with them, and many a bawling knave has in consequence gained credit among them and used them for his purpose, and subsided into a placeman when he has got his end. Well, let us thank Heaven that the Houses of Parliament are sitting and voting, and that the Funds are at 91, and, above all, that 'the unwashed' have not as yet lighted upon half a dozen leaders of prudence, energy, and daring to show us what the millions might do. And lest anybody should fancy that treason is talked in a Conservative Magazine, and that the lower classes are excited to rebellion by instigations of incendiary republicans who have crept into the ranks of the orthodox, let it be now at once stated that our prayer is not that the lower classes should rebel (for they would only be slaughtered and tyrannised over even if they succeeded, and no richer a year afterwards than they are now)—our prayer is not that the poor should rebel, but that the rich should help them ere they do rebel. Are there no means of relief to be found? Cannot money, which is found for everything else in England, be found, if not for charity, at least for that most selfish of all purposes, to keep what we have got? If we have a fancy to go to Birmingham in four hours instead of ten, quick we can bring twenty millions of sovereigns out of our pockets and the thing is done. If we think that negro slavery is a crime unworthy any longer to be committed by the great English nation, we open our purses and liberate a whole enslaved race in a year. If we have reason to regret that distant savages, the Hottentots or the Ashantees, the man-eaters of the Pacific Islands, or the gipsies in Spain, or the black palm-oil merchants on the banks of the Niger, are labouring in darkness and error, which the light of the Gospel would dispel—meetings are held, Exeter Halls are filled, preachers of all denominations lift up their voices, good ladies go forth from tea-table to tea-table, from Putney to Penzance, preaching their kind crusade of charity, and money is found and

missionaries are sent forth. Walking this evening through Liverpool, and seeing magnificent railroads, docks, custom-houses, and likewise places of worship of all sorts—Independents, Baptists, Ebenezers, and every fancy denomination—I could not help thinking of the poor colliers we had passed in the midst of their millions of brethren, starving like them at the gate of wealth. At almost all the corners are to be found placards regarding benighted Ashantees or other dusky infidels; before the window where this is written is a ferry which has been given up now, but on which the proprietors spent no less than fifty thousand pounds—all of which proves that on the moment the English fancy a thing is to be done the money is found for it. Pray Heaven that we may soon take it into our heads that the country is starving and that the good brave people so suffering deserve every sympathy for the forbearance which they have shown hitherto: that if we do not speedily help them they will help themselves, when stocks and docks and banks and mills and Houses of Parliament may all perish in the riot, and then that for many years we shall never have an opportunity of making another speculation, of building one such more railroad, or saving one more Ashantee from perdition. . . .

All this may be said to have little to do with a ride on the box of a coach, nor is it certainly a particularly accurate description of the appearance of the counties of Salop, Denbigh, and Cheshire; but the country is so wonderfully rich and beautiful that the aspect of misery touches one only the more keenly, and I am ashamed to think that the coach should have overtaken those poor colliers with twelve happy, prosperous people in and outside of it, and yet that the poor fellows should not have had a single shilling from us to get them a day's bread.

To return to the coach: there is a remark which requires the attention of all economists, and that is that the seat upon the box is by far the most expensive position on the outside of the coach. In the first place, in order to secure that eminence you are obliged to pay a fee to the coach-porter; and, secondly, during the ride you come to be so intimately acquainted with the gentleman on your right who holds the whip, and to have such a sincere liking for him in most instances, that it is impossible to fob him off with a mere shilling as a man would do who had his seat behind. The coachman of the Chester and Shrewsbury mail yesterday did a very kind, pretty, and skilful thing. The coach was going along

the road at a gallop (it performs the journey of forty miles with many long stoppages on the road in four hours), when suddenly it pleased a little urchin of three years old who was some way ahead, to cross the road; this act of bravado was effectually performed, and the little wretch had the pleasure of landing safely at the left-hand bank of the road. But example is dangerous, and the child of three having made its run, her sister, a little toddling white-headed baby of some twenty months (*pater sum, nihil paternum a me alienum puto*), must needs follow the elder's course, and began trotting across the road too, its little round arms lifted up, and its little white locks shaking and shining in the sun. The coach was terrifically near and the pace very fast, and if an amateur coachman had had hold of the reins the last day of that poor little tottering baby had come: but, thank Heaven, I have no ambition that way (indeed, beyond twice knocking off the steps of a cab against lamp-posts, I have no exploits of the kind to boast of), and thank Heaven, too, the man driving was a most skilful practitioner of his art—he managed to slacken the pace of his team somewhat, and as the child by the time we came up was in the middle of the road he turned his horses beautifully round it at a few inches from it, and passed on, as the poor little creature did, toddling along quite unconscious and making little jumps towards its elder sister. My first wish, I must confess, was to jump off the coach and bestow a sound and sudden whipping upon the senior urchin, as a caution to it henceforth and for ever: but the worthy coachman was a great deal more gentle, 'Are you the mother of that child?' was all he said to a woman who was standing near, and directly he had his horses going twelve miles an hour again. By Heavens! There is a deal of love and kindness in this world, and it is hard to think that the frank and jolly race of coachmen is destined to disappear.

Twenty-one miles before we reached Chester we had a clear view of its blue towers in the distance; and after passing numberless picturesque villages, old churches, neat mansions, rich fields covered with green corn or sweet-smelling new-mown hay, after going through the town of Wrexham—which in spite of its beautiful church is as dingy and ugly as Ludlow is trim and pretty—we came opposite a grand pseudo-Gothic lodge, under the arch of which we saw an immense blazing gravel road leading straight for two miles to Eaton Hall, of the parapets and pinnacles of which we caught an outline, for the sun was shining behind the house, of which we had a silhouette in the deepest purple.

Eaton Hall is within a couple of miles of Chester ; another lodge leading to it is close by the town, a grand Gothic sort of castellated gate too, which the coachman said (and I believe every word that coachman said) cost twenty thousand pounds. Then we went over a noble bridge across the Dee, having the great red castle to our right, in the yard of which many recruits were performing their exercise, and I saw a whole squad of them in white jackets laboriously placed in the following elegant attitude.



Fancy, a hundred young heroes standing for five minutes in so natural and ingenious a position.

Shelburne Hotel

Stephen Guest

Dublin.

July 4. 1842.

My dear old fellow. I am just come
after a delightful tour to Chester, Buxton,
Shropshire, Snowdon, Chester, Liverpool,
Lancashire, and Wales in general - I
found your desired letter waiting on arrival
here. What the deuce are you in the dumps
for? Don't flatter yourself that I'll get
on very well without you. Such a place as this
hotel itself! - enough to make a chapter
about - such folk, ruin and liberality -
O my dear friend pray heaven in heaven's love
that to night when I go to bed I find no
(Turn over)

• • • • - Have you remarked that the
 little ones of the string were?



I wanted to give you an idea of the splendour
 of the chamber-maid at ~~the~~ Chiklangok

Lu - The most sumptuous creature ever seen...
 yellow haired brown eyes dazzling fair
 with a neck like a marble pillar, and a
 bust O heavens! -

I wrote a poem in the Langolles album
 as follows

A better glass nor a better Phe
 I never had in all my life

Saml. Rogers.

Likewise a series of remarks by Thos. Moore,
 beginning: "There is a little yellow bird
 frequenting the cataracts of the Tigris where
 it empties itself into the Taurus lake &c."
 What nonsense is all this to write - well, but
 the fact is I am just despondent after the

my legs itching about, like a Tipitay, but
 for the effects of the steamer
 and I can't get to put down a sentence
 decently, and should be away for a couple
 of days, or so. But I just wanted to
 shake hands with ^{some of} ~~some~~ ^{you} ~~you~~ ^{across}
 the water.

(He has been very good naturally to catch me if I had come)
 Yours truly: Lettin' you send off with

my card pronounced here with that
 sharp fine elegance 'kyard'. Stuff
 there I go again - Well there I go again.
 - It is queer - state of mind to be sure.

God bless you. W.M.T.

P.S. Will you could see the Spothers of William IV
 representation in the ceiling of the coffee-room such a
 picture! I shall get a most accurate copy of it
 tracing up each heliograph line.

NOTE.

This seems an appropriate place to quote a letter written by my father to Edward FitzGerald. It must have been written immediately after the 'Cockney Travels,' when he had crossed from Liverpool to Ireland.

Shelburne Hotel, Stephen Greed, Dublin.

July 4, 1842.

My dear old Yedward,—I am just come after a delightful tour to Chepstow, Bristol, Hereford, Shrewsbury, Chester, Liverpool, Llangollen, and Wales in general—I found your dismal letter waiting on arrival here. What the deuce are you in the dumps for? Don't flatter yourself but that I'll get on very well without you. Such a place as this Hotel itself!—enough to make a chapter about—such filth, ruin and liberality.

O my dear friend, pray heaven on bended knee that to-night when I go to bed I find no . . . Have you remarked that the little ones of all sting worst?

[for drawing of Chambermaid, see facsimile of this letter, page 32]

I wanted to give you an idea of the splendor of the chambermaid at Chthlangothlen;—The most sumptuous creature. Yellow haired, brown eyed, dazzling fair, with a neck like a marble pillar, and a busk, O heavens!—

I wrote a poem in the Llangollen Album as follows

A better glass nor a better Pipe
I never had in all my life.

Saml. Rogers.

Likewise a series of remarks by Thos. Moore, beginning, 'There is a little yellow bird frequenting the cataracts of the Tigris, where it empties itself into the Jabreez Lake,' etc. What nonsense is all this to write—well, but the fact is, I am just disjointed after the (voyage), my legs rocking about like a tipthy bal from the effekth of the thlteamer, and I can't get to

put down a sentence decently, and shan't be able to for a couple of days or so. But I just wanted to shake hands with somebody, however far across the water.

(He has been very good naturedly to call and see if I had arrived.)

Your Uncle's letter I have sent off with my card pronounced here with that shuperfine elegance 'kyard'—Stuff, there I go again. Well there I go again. It's a queer state of mind to be sure.

God bless you,

W. M. T.

P.S.—I wish you could see the apotheosis of William IV. represented on the ceiling of the coffee room; such a picture! I shall get a most accurate copy of it fixing up easels, telescopes, etc.



Soup
 Moulds
 Salmon
 Boiled Potatoes
 Roast beef & fried potatoes
 Vegetables
 Pickled
 Pickled & salt herring
 Pickled
 Stewed fowl
 Vauvau
 Eggs in batter
 Roast Smelt
 Roast fowl
 Roast mutton
 Beignets
 Minced tart
 Cheese
 Biscuits

THE KNIGHTS OF BORSELLEN¹

BY WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

WITH A PREFACE BY LADY RITCHIE

ILLUSTRATIONS

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NOTE.—These scenes, entitled 'The Knights of Borsellen,' which Mr. Thackeray sketched for the larger canvas of an historical novel, together with the 'Cockney Travels,' being notes of a tour in the West of England, are now printed for the first time in 'HARPER'S MAGAZINE' and the 'CORNHILL MAGAZINE.' The Editors have felt that this may be taken as an exception to all rules, and the 'CORNHILL MAGAZINE' could hardly be denied the pleasure of printing the last found words of its first Editor.—ED. 'CORNHILL.'

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- Dates from Tyler.
- 1340 J of Gaunt born. d 399.
 1366 H. Bolingbroke (b. d. 1413)
 Hotspur b.
 1367 Ric II. b. + 1400
 1376 B. P. died. (b. 1330.) (Cicely '46. Poitiers 56)
 77 Ed III. d.
 aug 97 Henry of Monmouth b.
 1390-2 Bolingbroke in Barbary & Prussia
 1398 B. banished after quarrel with Norfolk.
 1399 Richard in Iceland. Young Henry knighted.
 • Bolingbroke lands July
 • Richard lands August. resigns October
 13 October. Henry IV crowned.
 15 Henry of M. created Prince of Wales.
 1400 14 Feb. Richard's death.
 1403 Battle of Shrewsbury.
 1413 Henry IV died. Henry V crowned.
 1415 October 25. Agincourt.
 1418 Siege of Rouen.
 1420 Marriage of Henry.
 1421 Birth of Henry VI.
 1422 Death of Henry V.

'DATES FROM TYLER.'

Facsimile of MS. page from W. M. Thackeray's Note Book.



DUEL.

THE KNIGHTS OF BORSELLEN.

BY WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

NOTE.

My Father used sometimes to speak to us of a mediæval romance that he had intended to write. There is Mr. Motley's record of hearing him say, 'that he was thinking about a novel of the time of Henry V. which would be his capo d'opera, and in which the ancestors of all his present characters, Warringtons, Pendennises, and the rest should be introduced.' 'It would be a most magnificent performance,' he said, 'and no one would read it.'

I have already said how before finally starting on the novel of 'Denis Duval' he was turning over another story in his mind. It was never written after all, but there are some notes which concern it in the same MS. volume containing those for 'Denis Duval.' The story which was never written belonged to the days of Henry V., and we had seen him reading for it from time to time in Monstrelet and in Froissart.

This novel of my Father's did not reach beyond the opening chapters, which are printed here for the first time; they seem to date from about 1841, when he was living and working in Paris. In this early fragment one is constantly struck by the resemblance to some of his later work, such as 'Esmond' or 'Pendennis'; there is the same chord in the sentences, the same methods are used to create the impression of actuality. A friend suggests that in old Castel-Sarrasin we have the original of Major Pendennis, who was not to be born for some four hundred years, and no wonder we are reminded of him since the Pendennises and the Castlewoods

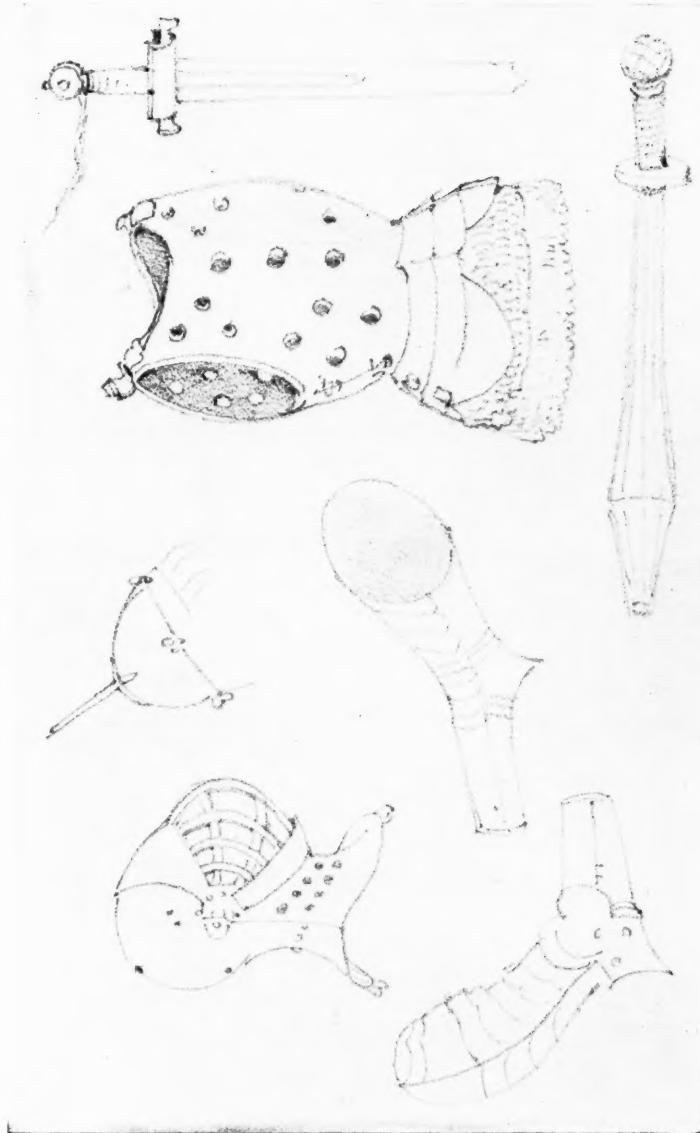
had the blood of these mediæval ancestors flowing in their veins. Though the story of Franck de Borsellen was not continued by my father, we can see what use he made of his early studies in 'The Legend of the Rhine,' 'Rebecca and Rowena,' and 'The Prize Novelists.'

The description of the Knights in 'Barbazure' will be remembered by readers of 'Punch,' especially that of Romané de Clos Vougeot, the stately warrior mounted on his destrière travelling from Aquitaine through Berry, Picardy, and Limousin. He and his companion are described as 'caparisoned in the fullest trappings of Feudal War. The arblast, the mangonel, the demi culverin and the cuisard of the period glittered upon the neck and chest of the war-steed, while the rider with chamfron and catapult, with ban and arrière ban, morion, timbrel, battle axe and diffard and the other appurtenances of ancient chivalry, rode stately on his steel-clad charger, himself a tower of steel.'¹

Mediæval records and MSS. had a great attraction for the author of 'Barbazure,' as indeed for many other great authors and poets of his generation, and that which preceded it. The chronological list here given belongs to this particular phase, and we have more than one old record evidently concerning the story of the Borsellens, for which he had read up so carefully. My Father's heroes, Jehan and Franck de Borsellen, belonged to the times chronicled by Shakespeare, when the English invaded France in those stirring days of Monstrelet and Froissart. We used to see him in his study reading the big volumes, which were kept on the lower shelf of his bookcase. At the end of his life, just before writing 'Denis Duval,' he hesitated, as we have seen, as to whether he should not revert to the story for which he had once read up so carefully and of which he had written the opening chapters. The one fact concerning this novel which is most vividly impressed upon my mind is that he told me

¹ We have consulted the highest authority on Heraldry, from whom we learn these details are peculiar, but possible.

[To face p. 40.]



STUDIES FOR THE FASHIONS CIRCA 1400.

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how his hero, a simple knight, he said, was to come into the battle of Agincourt riding on a cow, as the knights did in those days when even cows were chivalrous. He finally decided for that story of the eighteenth century which he did not live to finish. Perhaps he thought the early fourteenth and fifteenth centuries too remote from daily life to suit his purpose; and yet those distant times seem very near as one reads of Jehan and Franck de Borsellen and their foes and their friends, living in that strange, pedantic, bygone and yet most present hour, as it is here described.

Knightly romances were in people's minds in the beginning of the last century, evoked by mighty wizards of the North and of the South, whose spells could raise the past again from the past. Tradition lives its own life. What are a few centuries more or less compared to Time. The days of Henry V. are spoken of still by the peaceful inhabitants of Fontainebleau as if they were yesterday. 'That bridge was broken down by the English'—a driver said, as he pointed with his whip: 'it has never yet been restored. No, madam, I am not speaking of the Germans,' he insisted; 'the bridge was destroyed long before they came, by the English who were here, and who did such great damage in the days of Jeanne d'Arc.'

Over here what a wave of past prowess and stately achievement is still recorded by the ancient shrines among which we habitually live and move! We pass along the Embankment, from the Abbey to the Temple, to the Tower where any day you may watch the river flowing on with its freight, or listen to the Beefeater describing the Regalia, perhaps, and quietly telling of hairbreadth escapes, of desperate fights, of splendid festivities; and as he points to a glorious ruby, shining peaceably in Edward VII.'s crown, we listen as he tells us how it was in the helmet worn by Henry V. at Agincourt and by the Black Prince before him. It was given to the Black Prince, so I am informed by a kind student of ancient lore, by Peter the Cruel, who had taken it from the Moors.

We have an old sketch-book, shabby and battered, which

was my Father's. Out of this old sketch-book, sadly defaced by ruthless children, we reproduce some of the notes and sketches which evidently belong to the unfinished story of the Baron de Borsellen and his companions.

He was studying at the Louvre, and his notes are a medley of old and new, of now and of then—slight sketches are there labelled Callot, Hollar, C. Vernet; and, besides the sketches, we find heraldic things—items concerning early costumes and armours and shields and stately casques. Here is a pencil sketch labelled 'Louis de France, son of Philip III., died 1319'; another of 'Robert, Comte de Clermont,' in his coat of mail with his great sword and heavy iron legs; there is the slightly indicated figure of Agnes de Loisy and a memorandum: 'Her gown is quartered with her arms and her husband's in lozenges'; and then again comes a map, rather than a drawing of Philippe de Valois, on whose trappings the fleur-de-lys are just indicated. Romané de Clos Vougeot himself may have been one of the two knights encountering each other. The men-at-arms are evidently carefully copied, as must be the helmet with its kingly crest. We have the knights in all their ponderous dignity and the sketches of the foot-soldiers with their piques and cross-bows. There is also a note referring to 'Les Tournois du Roi René d'après le manuscrit et les desseins par Champollion Figeac.' The reproduction of these drawings may interest the readers of the adventures of Franck de Borsellen.

As for the two full-page pictures, they seem to concern the actual events which are here chronicled. Some such impression must have been in my Father's mind when he wrote of the rise of that campaign which ends this fragment of the story, and in which little Franck de Borsellen realises for the first time the terrors as well as the pomp of the fields of glory he had dreamt of.

To these notes should be added grateful acknowledgment to a student of the past, who from his peaceful precincts

ROBERT. GONTE DE CLERMONT.



Jean de Torcy. died 1325



Louis de France
son of Philip III
died 1319.

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elucidates the ancient truths which we living offshoots of those strenuous times are too apt to confuse. Mr. Henry Newbolt has kindly read the incompleted chapters, and added two quotations from Monstrelet which explain the course of events. He sought for the books in the London Library and found in the volume of Monstrelet belonging there, certain pencil marks which showed that the actual course of this story was pointed out for quotation. Can my Father himself have made them? It is an interesting problem—that he possessed certain volumes of Monstrelet I have already stated, but he may have consulted others.

A. I. R.

I.

THE BARON DE BORSELLEN FRANCK I.

AT the battle of Najara, among the scaly men of mark that fell into the hands of the English along with the redoubtable Du Guesclin was a Flemish knight by name Franck de Borsellen, who was making almost his first campaign.

The men of mark were ransomed by their captors at exorbitant prices, except Du Guesclin, their chief, who considered that he was paid a very high compliment by the Black Prince Edward because the latter refused to yield him up at any fine whatever.

Although among the chivalry of those days it was often the fashion to allow the captured warrior to fix the price of his own release, young Borsellen would never have thought of valuing his own bravery at the price of ten thousand crowns—which nevertheless was set on it—and would very probably have escaped at a much humbler rate had he not unluckily found some friends in the English camp who knew, or thought they knew, perfectly the value of his estates, and estimated the cost of his freedom accordingly. The fact is that very many of the English knights now fighting under the banner of their liege lord, the Prince of Aquitaine, and aiding Peter the Cruel his ally, had been a few months before in the service of Peter's adversary Henry, to whom Bertrand du Guesclin had brought a great host of warriors of all nations anxious to fight under so renowned a leader.

When the Black Prince took up the quarrel of Peter and invaded Henry's kingdom, he recalled the English and other soldiers who owed him obedience from the latter's service; and it was one of these Englishmen, to whom Franck de Borsellen had often (as is the fashion of young cavaliers) boasted of the wealth and splendour of his lordship of Borsellen, that now took his old companion of arms prisoner and fixed the above-named price for his ransom.

Franck had nothing for it but to yield, and when the Black Prince returned to Bordeaux was compelled to send from thence letters to his mother and the intendant of his little domains in Hainault, who, after melting all his plate, selling all his precious jewels, his armours, his horses and hawks, nay, his fields and villages, brought at length the ten thousand crowns to Franck's captors, and

left him quite free, but as near a beggar as any nobleman might be who had a horse and sword, two or three stout fellows at his back, and a stomach that regularly twice a day called out for its portion of beef and strong drink.

There is no doubt but that in our days a gentleman of six feet high, who could not write and read, and who possessed for all his fortune the above-named appetite and encumbrances, would be a beggar, or at the very most a private in the Life Guards. In the year 1370, however, men of noble birth were not ruined so easily; and three-and-twenty years after the fight of Najara, which cost him everything except a few acres round the bare old walls of his castle of Borsellen, Franck was back in the halls of his fathers again, with plenty of wood blazing in the old chimney, a reasonable store of silver flagons on the table, wine-butts in the cellars, cooks to dress the beef, brave soldiers to eat it, dogs to gnaw the bones, horses in the stables, hawks on the perch, and moreover (but she sate all day spinning with her maidens in a turret upstairs) a lady of Borsellen, who had brought the Baron a sufficient dower, and afterwards a daughter and two fair sons; the daughter (whom out of politeness we have named first, though she was the second born of the family) was called Isabeau; the eldest son was christened Jehan or John, after John of Gaunt, whom the Baron had served; and finally the younger son was called Franck after himself.

Borsellen was not in the bloom of youth when he married his lady. After losing the chief part of his patrimony in the manner above described, he had taken service with John of Lancaster, or, as he was pleased to call himself, the Lord of Spain; and, after battling through the hundred conspiracies in which that turbulent Prince was engaged, had been rewarded by his master with the hand of pretty Alice Poyns, the daughter of one of the Duke's intendants who had amassed a fortune in his service. Some young squire of her own country had, it was said, already won the heart of the poor girl, but Franck was not of a disposition to consider this prior attachment as an obstacle, and set on some of his free companions to waylay and well-nigh kill the squire, and carried off the young lady and her dowry, and carried them together to his castle of Borsellen, to make bombance and good cheer for the rest of his days. For he did not care for fighting as long as he could live in peaceful plenty, hunting of mornings and getting drunk of evenings as a bold baron should.

The young Baron John de Borsellen was in every way worthy

of his amiable father. At eight years old he was not afraid of the biggest dog or man in the household, and would lash one or the other with his whip or his belt as he had seen his father do. At six he had beaten his nurse first and then his mother, and his father laughed when he heard the story, and swore by St. Ives that the young rogue had served them right. He had from that time quitted the women's apartments, the tender mother, the silly nurse, and the prosy old chaplain, and had taken his place in the hall in a little chair by his father's great one, and had had a little cup that was filled out of the Baron's big silver flagon, and used to sing :

Duc de Bourgogne,
Que Dieu vous tienne en foie.

with a lusty little voice ; nay, had ridden many and many a long hunt behind Franck de Borsellen on his great trotting Flemish stallion when it pleased the Baron, as it did almost every morning, to ride out and hunt the buck or the boar. When he was nine years old he had a little pack of dogs of his own, and a pack of little varlets still more obedient than the dogs, and he used to go out on foot and hunt hares and rabbits in the commons and copses, badgers in the morasses and along the rivers, on his own account. Woe betide the young serf who thwarted Messire Jehan in any way ! He had one day tied up one on to a tree and was taking very good aim at him with a crossbow, and would have killed him too, had not his father chanced to ride by, who in a fit of compassion released the lad. However, the Baron vowed that it was the best joke he ever knew, and told his friends a hundred times over what a spirited mad wag his son and heir was.

Isabeau, the second-born, came into the world six years after the young Baron, and it is never known that, from the day of her birth to that of his death, her father took the slightest notice of her. He had no fortune to give her, and proposed at a proper age, unless some neighbouring nobleman took a fancy to make her his wife, to place her in a convent and dedicate her to Heaven. Many a comely and tender young damsel was in those days doomed to bury her youthful charms in the cloister and accommodate herself as best she might to that lonely and unnatural servitude.

At last came Franck, a sickly puling child for the first years of his life, who was frightened like Astyanax at his father's nodding plumes and frowning crest the only time when the Baron, about to ride out on a war-party, deigned to embrace him, and who

remained with his mother for many years after. She—a gentle Andromache—was not perhaps ill content, but Franck de Borsellen was no Hector, out of the field at least. He had never been bred to dawdle in lady's bower, and twangle guitars and sing songs in their favour, as some high-flown gallants of the Courts were wont to do in those times: he was an honest country noble. Du Guesclin had knighted him on a field of battle, and he would have dashed his armed fist into the face of any man who dared to say, except in joke, that he could read or write. The only time when he was sober in his wife's company was when he rose in the morning to leave her bed, and many many days and months in the year was he away from it and her. The poor slave did not repine at his absence, as she should perhaps have done: but she was not of knightly birth herself, and could not appreciate the honours to which her husband had raised her. As we are upon the family chronicle (very necessary for the understanding of the rest of this book) we may as well say that Franck de Borsellen's youngest son was born in the year 1394, his sister a year previous, and his brother, the representative of the ancient and honourable race, in the year of grace 1387. Alice Poyns, the intendant's daughter, was twenty years old when she married the noble husband who was exactly twice her age.

This is no great disparity nowadays, when a nobleman after coming home from an evening party puts his feet into warm water, and when he takes off his shawl nightcap next morning rubs his hair with the bear's grease until it curls and glistens as it did when he was a lad at Eton; it is not the mature gentleman who suffers so much as the budding young lady in her teens, who loses her best hours of precious sleep in whirling round a ball-room, and becomes preternaturally old at five-and-twenty. It was the men who grew old in the good old times, not the women. Their bodies were worn down by the weight of heavy arms and maimed by wounds gotten in spite of all their steel; doctors were there few or none to heal the wounds, and such a plenty of strong drink was given to inflame them as a score of men in our degenerate days would try in vain to discuss.

War and liquor, then, had made great havoc upon the stout frame of Franck de Borsellen, and when Franck's hour came for dying it came after a gallant inroad into the neighbouring English county of Calais, where he burned three villages, took two score of horses and cattle, which were driven home in triumph to Borsellen,

and set very many farmers and country-people to ransom. When Franck's last hour came, he had no prickings of conscience for a life of near sixty years passed in robbery, debauch, and murder, but went out of the world comforted by his chaplain's absolution, and fully convinced that his whole tenor of life, though stained by a few peccadilloes here and there, was such as became a gentleman and a knight. And his last words to his son Jehan were to remember that he, Franck of Borsellen, had been held to be a warrior of such repute as to be compelled to pay ten thousand crowns for his freedom.

'My son,' said he, 'remember this, and keep up accordingly the honour of your name. Treat well your mother, Jehan—a good woman, though coming of a poor house. Take Franck, your brother, out of the hands of the clerks and the women, and make a man of him if thou canst. Care for your sister: she bids fair to be handsome, and may light upon a rich husband at Court.'

In a very few hours after this speech, old Franck de Borsellen's boisterous spirit and great war-worn body were at rest for ever; the latter was carried with decent state to the chapel of the castle, and Messire Jehan reigned over the little barony.

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II.

MESSIRE JEHAN.

He behaved upon the occasion of his bereavement with a piety that drew down general admiration. He gave a vast deal of wine and metheglin to all such mourners as came to the funeral, and his very first public act afterwards was to harry and plunder those Calais villages according to his sire's dying injunction.

Messire Jehan's mother was not a little proud of him, for he was her son and a handsome cavalier ; and the lad was not ill-natured and of a kindly easy temperament, and during the first days of his mother's widowhood tolerably attentive to her. The poor thing had been so unused to kindness and attention that Jehan's behaviour endeared him to her very much. For a while she came down and presided at the table, bringing her younger children with her. Isabeau was, as her father said, growing to be a comely damsel : in a year or two Jehan promised to take her to the Court of my lord of Burgundy, and the young woman was nothing loth. Little Franck at meal-times occupied the small chair which Jehan in his youth had filled by the side of his father, and John meanwhile worthily filled that huge oaken throne.

This family intimacy, however, did not last very long, for the company which her son kept was somewhat too boisterous for the widow and her young children, and many jokes passed among Jehan's young companions and much talk was held which made the lady blush to hear, so after a short space she retreated to her own apartments again, carrying the young people with her. Little Franck adored his mother, but returned not without a pang to the women's apartments and jurisdiction once more. He thought his big brother Jehan the greatest man in all this world, and longed to imitate his virtues. As for Jehan, he had acquiesced in his mother's retreat with a perfectly good grace and got drunk even better without her.

Franck now began to be a little restive with the old priest and his long lessons, and he wished to go a-hunting and fighting like his brother. The latter in the first days after his father's death, when the habit of patronage was new and pleasant to him, had promised his brother a little horse and had taken him to the falconry and given

him a hawk. He would have taken Franck out hunting with him too; but when the lad was out of the way, honest Jehan never thought a whit about him, so that Franck's taste for field sports was not gratified as yet.

However, the lord of Borsellen was speedily called to service in some of those interminable feuds in which his patron was engaged; and leaving his castle in the care of his mother, guarded by two or three old men who were left behind precisely because they were so infirm as to be of no use in a campaign, went away with all the able-bodied males whom the barony could muster. Franck could not ride then, as he had hoped, for the only steed left in the stables was an old mill-horse; but the forester took him out and showed him some little sport with the hawks, and initiated him into the mystery of trapping and springing. Franck became a decent shot with a bow, too, and brought home to his mother with great pride a very large old owl that had been stricken to death by a shaft from his quiver.

In the matter of war Franck's instructor was the old porter who had served the late lord in many campaigns, and told the boy brave stories concerning them. The chaplain had a rare budget of these tales too, and Franck listened to him with all his ears.

There was in the courtyard a grim wooden figure of a Saracen, against which Franck used to tilt lustily, to the great delight of his sister and not a little to the pleasure of his mother and the old priest who kept his company. The lady of Borsellen in the course of her meek life had known but little happiness, and these days she often thought were the happiest of her existence. When the old castle was left to herself and her children, and the old vacant hall and courtyard echoed with their innocent laughter, what fierce blows did doughty young Franck deal upon the battered old figure of the Saracen! By the names of all the wicked magicians and enchanterers he ever heard of he used to call it, rescuing his sister from their fell clutches; and sometimes the chaplain and the old porter were made to figure in the play, and performed the parts of kings, emperors, or felon Paynim knights with grinning good grace.

Such progress was Franck de Borsellen making in his education in the years 1406 and 1407 during the time that his brother was following his liege lord the Count of Hainault, who was following that redoubtable Duke of Burgundy, nicknamed by the age in which he lived as 'John without Fear.' Jehan's namesake, the Duke, pretty soon distinguished a young fellow who was as brave and as

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[To face p. 50.



THE FALCONER. 50

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unscrupulous as himself, and Borsellen came back to his castle a much greater man than he was when he left it.

He had seen, too, a great deal of the world since his departure. He had been at Paris and had seen the mysteries as they were enacted to the great delight of the poor King in his moments of half sanity; and brought back some of the newly invented cards, which were the rage of the Court then, and over which Messire Jehan and his friend would sit and gamble all night. He had danced, too, at the Queen's hotel of Saint Paul—nay, carried his gallantry so far as to bring back for his lady mother a robe and headdress just such as Her Majesty wore. Poor Alice was wonderfully delighted with the giver, though she blushed as she wore his gift. The gown had an immense train that her two women laughed as they carried. It was embroidered with the great green griffin of the Borsellens and her own arms alternately; above it was a tight velvet jacket trimmed with ermine, having big light sleeves which trailed to the ground, and cut so exceedingly low at the neck as to make an honest country matron blush with good reason. But the marvel of all was the head-piece. It was of red velvet of the shape of a huge crescent, or pair of horns (not an ox in the farmyard had such a pair of horns), from which hung two streamers of gauze or lace that should properly have been left to flaunt in the air behind the noble wearer, but which the lady insisted upon tying round her throat, for all the fashion.

What stories had Jehan to tell of the balls and galas at the Court, of the magnificence of Berri, the prodigality of Orleans, the wild pranks of the King of Navarre, and above all of the splendour of his own lord of Burgundy, who eclipsed them all. And then the poor devils of citizens—what a life they led of it! Messire Jehan brought back with him a whole wardrobe of linen bed-furniture that he had procured at Paris at the cheapest rate. As an officer of the Duke, he had but to enter any citizen's house and take what he fancied—a parcel of napkins and sheets, or a piece of claret, a sack of oats for his horses—nay, a horse for the oats, if it so minded him. Every prince of the blood, and every officer of a prince in consequence had this privilege of robbery, and availed himself of it accordingly.

There was the Duke of Orleans—one of the best jokes ever heard had been perpetrated by him. The Duke for many years had received in his own hands half the taxes of the kingdom, and never paid one farthing of his own debt. Riding out one day, his horse

took fright, well-nigh plunged him into the Seine, and set my lord into such a tremor that he thought a judgment was coming upon him, and vowed he would pay every one of his creditors. Next day his intendants called them together, and they came to the number of eight hundred; but his greatest fright was over, and he thought of paying no more. When the varlets began to remonstrate, the Duke ordered his men out with sticks and offered the knaves the choice of a beating or a retreat. These stories were told by Messire Jehan in the simple way in which the chroniclers of the time record them. His mother and sister listened to them with wonder, as good simple mothers and sisters will do, but his young brother was lost in delight at the tale and respect for the accomplished teller of them.

One part of the story, however—the last and most important part of it—Messire Jehan did not tell. Was it that he was ashamed of his share in the action, or that it was too grave a subject to talk of with little boys and ladies? It was this. His master, the Duke of Burgundy, and the Duke of Orleans, after their long quarrel, had been reconciled, and great festivities had taken place in consequence of their peace. But both knew how hollow the truce was, and assembled their men about Paris to the number of many thousands, and each prepared to resist or to overcome the other.

Then took place, as the chronicler says, 'the most woeful and piteous adventure that had occurred for a long time in the Christian kingdom of France. On Wednesday, being St. Clement's day, November 23, 1407, eighteen men who were lodged in an hotel having the sign of Our Lady near to the gate Barbette of Paris, in which city the Duke of Orleans then was, sent forward a certain Thomas Courthame, valet de chambre of the king, to the said Duke, who had gone to visit the Queen, then residing in her hotel near the above gate of Barbette. The which Thomas, coming before the Duke as from the King, said to him, "Monseigneur, the King orders that without delay you come to him, as he would speak with you hastily in regard of matters that nearly concern you and him."

'On which the said Duke, wishing to obey the command of the King (as he fancied it), did incontinently mount on his mule, having in his company only four or five varlets on foot, carrying torches before and behind him, and two squires; for thus did he go abroad privately, although there were at that hour in Paris six hundred squires and knights in his pay.

'The night was rather dark as he came to the above-named gate

of Barbette, and eighteen men who had armed themselves privily placed themselves under cover of a house near the gate, and as he passed rushed suddenly out upon him, crying loudly, "Kill, kill!" One struck him with an axe, so that his hand was cut off clean at the wrist. Whereon the Duke began to cry, "I am the Duke of Orleans." "That is what we want," replied they, striking him, and beat him off his mule and struck him in such a manner on the head that his brains were scattered over the pavement. With him was most piteously slain a young man, a German by nation, who had been the Duke's page, who, when he saw his master down, laid himself upon his body to save him, but helped him nothing. The two squires were riding upon one horse, which, when it heard the tramping and clattering of arms of those upon it, began to snort and to run and ran a long space before they could stop it. And when they stopped it, the Duke's mule came up without their lord. . . . And those who had done the murder began incontinently to cry "Fire," and set fire to the hotel in which they were, and escaped on horse or foot as best they might, some of them going to the hotel of Artois, where their master, the Duke of Burgundy, was, who, as he afterwards publicly confessed, had commanded the murder.

'The next day the body was buried in great state, the Duke of Burgundy holding the pall. But at the council after the burial the Duke, being troubled, confessed the action of which he had been guilty, which the lords hearing were in such wonder and sorrow that they could scarcely give him an answer. But the day after, the Duke going as before to the Council, Count Waleran of Saint Pauls forbid him to enter; hereon in great doubt the Duke returned to his hotel, and there without a moment's loss taking horse rode away with only six of his men out of the gate of Saint Denis and rode without stopping at any place, but changing horses frequently, until they reached the Duke's castle of Bapaume. When he had there slept a little, he rode away until he reached Lille in Flanders, and the people whom he had left in Paris in great doubt lest they should be taken and arrested, speedily followed him. Especially Raymond d'Actonville and his accomplices, who quitted the city in various disguises and came all together to lodge at the castle of Sens in Artois by order of Duke John of Burgundy, their master and lord.'

It does not appear that John of Burgundy, after performing this act of vengeance and flying from the consequences of it, abdicated for any considerable period his title of 'John without Fear.'

As soon as he arrived in his own country he summoned his lieges and councillors about him, who as in duty bound took his side in the quarrel, and he hired a famous theologian and special pleader of the day, Master John Petit, to compose and publish that famous apology for murder which may be found in the *Chronicles* entire.

It is a curious monument of the learning of the age—a kind of learning which has passed out of vogue luckily in every country but ours, where Doctor Petit would be the distinguished head of a college, no doubt, and, after having lectured on Aristotle and edited a few Greek plays, might look forward to a bishopric at the very least as the reward of his piety and learning. Petit's scholarship was considerable for his time. He adduced all the instances of homicide recorded in Holy Writ—how Moses killed the Egyptian, how Joab 'the constable' of King David slew the prince his son; how Athalia caused Achab to be murdered on the steps of the altar. From Scripture the Doctor passed to the Fathers, of no less authority in his eyes; from the Fathers to the Greek and Latin classics; and showed by major and minor, by twelve subdivisions and arguments in honour of the twelve apostles—first that it is proper to kill tyrants; second, that the Duke of Orleans was a tyrant; and therefore the reader may draw the conclusion for himself, if he chooses but to admit the premises.

The reply to the harangue is not less curious, for the Duchess of Orleans hired her advocate Sevisy, who solemnly in presence of the Queen and the Lords of the Council pronounced a defence of the slaughtered Prince, and exculpated him from the charge of sorcery, of which Petit and the Duke of Burgundy accused him.

He proved the absurdity of this accusation first from Solomon and next from Ovid: and concluded by declaring that 'Master John de Bar himself, so skilled in that cursed art, and who had been burned with all his books, declared at his last confession that the Devil had never appeared to him, and that of his invocations and sorceries no effect had ever come, although he had declared the contrary in order to get money from the great lords.' Doctor Sevisy in the same manner upset other misstatements of Doctor Petit. Valentin Visconti, the Duke's widow, a woman beautiful and of high spirit, who in spite of all his excesses had been most tenderly attached to her lord, stood by Sevisy as he made his discourse before the Queen. She gave him the document with her own hands as if to authorise every word of it, and was surrounded

by her relatives in deep mourning like herself, who demanded justice upon the murderer.

The Queen promised that right should be done.

A herald, a secretary, and the Dauphin of Auvergne were sent off to the Duke of Burgundy, and found him surrounded by his army—that is to say, by those of his duchy and county of Burgundy, of Flanders, of Artois and the marches of Picardy, who had assembled in great numbers and noble apparel!

[NOTE.—To him was also come his brother-in-law, the Count of Hainault, with many noble persons of his counties of Holland, Zealand, Ostrevant, and other places. There were knights and squires to the number of about twelve hundred basnets, and two thousand well-appointed men on foot. Also the Count of Mars and the Scots were with the host, which was furthermore furnished with a vast number of chariots containing provisions and munitions of war. The Princes of Hainault and Burgundy had assembled the army for the purpose of succouring Bishop John of Liège, who was besieged at Maestricht by the turbulent commons of the former city.]

III.

THE MESSENGER FROM THE DUKE OF BURGUNDY COMES TO THE
CASTLE OF BORSELLEN.

WHEN the braying of the trumpet without and of the emulous animal within the court was concluded, old Hans had had time to unbar the gate and give admission to the personages who had signified their presence by sound of horn. First there came a little old man that was so nearly being a hunchback it was a wonder to think how he had escaped. He rode gallantly, his hand on his hip, looking at the porter and all the castle windows for heads to greet him; he was placed in a very large saddle on the back of a huge, raw-boned, white-nosed bay horse, with enormous legs and the hair hanging in ringlets at the fetlock. The mane and tail of the steed were decorated likewise with ribbons, the rider wore a dingy chaperon of red velvet, cocked on one side of his old withered yellow face; his hair was thin and grey, but parted down the middle accurately, and falling on his shoulders in a curler; the sleeves of his coat were scoloped and hung a yard from his elbows, and on his spindle legs were a pair of poulaine shoes that dangled at least two feet beyond the stirrup. He it was who had been playing the horn: it hung at his waist by a chain, and near it was a dagger and a purse; a sword hung by this warrior's side, and a mace was placed at his saddle.

Behind this gentleman came a lad on a little horse, bearing on his arm a helmet surmounted by a huge crest of a Saracen's head, almost of the natural size, and he was followed by a squire, a servant, a stout weather-beaten fellow, that was mounted on a tolerable hack, and was leading a mule which carried the knight's luggage and armour. The page had a bag, too, at his saddle, which contained, as afterwards was found, the knight's library and his harp.

'Make way for my lord of Burgundy's ambassador!' cried the little knight in a cracked voice.

'Ha! It is old Castel-Sarrasin,' said John of Borsellen, who was by this time away from his cups, and staring from the hall window. 'Go down, Franck, and hold his stirrup, and make him welcome.'

'Welcome, welcome, Messire Tristan,' shouted out John from

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[To face p. 57.]



'I PRAY YOU SIR WALK IN.'

the window ; ' you come in good time, for the capons are smoking hot.'

Franck went out, cap in hand, to receive the visitor ; but the knight examined him very fiercely, and haughtily folded his arms across his breast, said a few words, and, much to Jehan's surprise, his brother came blushing back into the hall again and said, ' Messire Tristan de Castel-Sarrasin greets Messire de Borsellen, and says that he comes to him with missives from his liege the Duke of Burgundy, which Messire Jehan of Borsellen should receive as befits.' So, growling and cursing, Jehan was obliged to leave the hot capon, and to come down to the court with half a dozen of his people, and to help Messire Tristan to alight ; which done, the new-comer produced a letter from his bosom, that Messire Jehan received on one knee.

' Your poor servant Tristan of Castel-Sarrasin is the humblest knight of Christendom,' said the little warrior, ' and would never think of ceremonials with such a famous gentleman as Messire Jehan, his old friend ; but, as ambassador from the Duke's Grace of Burgundy, I must claim all the honours that are done to him, and which I beg this worthy company to witness.'

' Well, Messire Tristan, they are rendered heartily ; and now will it please you to enter and dine ? Meanwhile, I shall send for a clerk to examine the letters,' said Jehan.

The knight made no ado, but accepted the invitation, bidding his groom look to Roderick and himself, and leaning upon the arms of Franck, as they went up the stairs : he pronounced Franck to be a gracious damoiseil, and the lad looked with awe and wonder at the Prince's envoy with his strange fantastical figure and garb, and his strutting, dignified manner.

On entering the room he greeted the ladies with a solemn stare which made Isabeau giggle and her mother blush ; and when, without further apology, he seated himself in Jehan's own chair, Franck looked as much stricken with wonder as if the end of the world was come ; and as Jehan, far from resenting the insult or annihilating the little creature, actually brought him a silver basin and water to wash, Franck finished by thinking the new guest was one of the greatest men in the world. Instead of using the napkin that was offered to him, the little man waved his long lean fingers to and fro gracefully in the air, staring at the ladies all the while. Franck had heard from his brother that such was the mode at Court ; though Jehan, more simple in his ways, either

dried his hands in a cloth, or maybe forgot the ablution altogether, and ate his meat without purification.

The meal was a good and substantial dinner served at ten o'clock (indeed, except in the names of the repast, the French have scarcely changed for these four hundred years); it was plentifully accompanied by wine and honey-beer; and after it, the lady of Borsellen, retiring, concocted a cup of rich spiced wine with her own hands, which she served to her guest, who received it with many polite speeches. As the chaplain was not in the way, Jehan, with something of a sneer, bade the clerk, his brother, read the letter addressed to him, which Franck, blushing as usual, did; but he was delighted to receive many commendations on his learning from the knight, who told him that all the great lords of France, nowadays, were scholars as well as soldiers, and witnessed the Duke of taken prisoner at Crecy; and he was going on to speak of the Prince who lately died at Paris, but here he stopped, for both he and Jehan de Borsellen were Burgundy's men, and the knight knew perfectly well Jehan's share in Orleans' death.

The Duke of Burgundy's letter was a summons to Jehan, one out of many score that the Prince had sent out, calling upon all the knights and gentlemen of his following to join him by a certain day in the marches of Picardy preparatory to a descent upon the men of Liège and the intruder of Liège, as the new bishop was called, whom they had elected. Against these men of Liège the Duke preached a sort of crusade: they had turned their rightful lord out of his bishopric, had taken his towns, had slaughtered his knights and nobles, had laid waste the Brabant country with fire and sword; and high time it was to avenge these injuries.

Jehan said he desired no better sport, and added that he knew very well that these Flemish commons possessed unheard-of riches, of which he longed to have a share; and the knight of Castel-Sarrasin, though he professed not to fight for wealth, but for honour only, showed, nevertheless, that he should be by no means averse to the plunder, which might justly be taken from these low-bred knaves who had used the nobles and forsaken their princes so abominably. In fact, he was of opinion that it was quite a holy war in which they were about to engage, and that plunder in such a case was lawful.

Jehan frankly gave his guest to understand that he did not care whether the war was holy or not; and that as for plunder, it, in his notion, was *always* lawful.

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Figures de l'orgue -
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Philippe de Valois

IV.

TABLE TALK.

... "A PRETTY robe, Madam, and in the true Paris fashion; but if you will give me leave, the toes of your boots are not half long enough—why, they are not six inches above the foot, and should, upon the faith of a knight, be an ell long at least. The Queen, though, between ourselves, Madam, she is fat, inordinate fat and gross about the leg, wears the point of her poulaine tied by a chain to her knee—a filigree gold chain it is, prettily set with turquoise."

"I warrant Messire Tristan has seen it," cried Jehan, with a hoarse laugh.

"Manners, my good host of Borsellen, manners and discretion. Suppose I have seen it, that is no cause why I should tell—kiss and tell, oh, fie! We never do such things, fair demoiselle—by Venus we never do."

Isabeau only laughed as the little ugly man threw a leer across the table to her, which was destined to take her heart by storm! Franck listened and wondered; he was too simple in the ways of the world to know as yet that people of Sir Tristan's nation very often tell *without* kissing, and took his stories for Gospel. Jehan, who had set up for a gallant too, on his return from Court, was rather sulky at being so completely put in the shade by his little talkative guest, and sate with one leg thrown over his arm-chair, dipping his nose into his great silver flagon every now and then, and looking as important as possible.

"You don't drink, Sir Tristan," said he; "the wine is good Gascony, I warrant you. Since the time when the lord my father—peace to his soul—was in those parts, he could abide no other drink."

"My poor house of Castel-Sarrasin must have been fully known to him then," continued the knight—"a mean mansion, ladies, but it has lodged fifty knights and their train in its time. Did your honoured sire never tell of it?"

"Never; and yet he knew the country well, sir, when he was for two years a prisoner of honour to the Black Prince of Aquitaine. He was a doughty knight, Messire Tristan, and ransomed for ten thousand crowns by Hugh Calverley, who took him at Najara."

This story was told twice at least every evening by Jehan, who gave it at present in a very solemn voice, looking round at his family for approval, and then full in the face of the Frenchman.

'My father was a famous knight,' said Isabeau, tossing up her slim neck.

'Ay, truly,' cried Franck; 'look at his sword, Sir Knight, yonder great two-handed one; no one could wield it but he.'

'Jehan can,' said his mother, looking at her big son.

'That I can,' growled John. 'My armour weighs thirty pounds more than those of my father, Sir Franck. I am an inch broader in the chest than he was, and am much longer in the leg.' Messire de Castel-Sarrasin, however, did not take the slightest notice of this family boasting, but continued rattling on about his castle and two miles of vineyards that he possessed on the banks of Garonne, that yielded him three hundred tonneaux of claret, that brought him three thousand silver marks yearly.

'But,' said John, 'Picardy wine is a good drink: and though we make no wine in Flanders, they brew rare metheglin at Bruges.'

'I would ship you a few tons from Bordeaux, but for the wicked English cruisers.'

'Hang the English,' answered Messire de Borsellen! the men of Liège have taken a parcel of their cursed archers into pay. I wish I was among them with my two-handed sword! I should have been rich but for them; they robbed my father of ten thousand crowns, or my lands would have been as big as your own, Messire de Castel-Sarrasin.

'And will be again, I am sure, if merit and polity can win them back,' said Sir Tristan. 'Look at the man, ladies—what a champion! What a chest! What a fist, to hold a war-axe! What a leg! (John grinned.) 'It would be held a thought too thick at Court,' continued the knight, glancing complacently at his own spindle shins, which were cased in parti-coloured breeches of red and yellow. 'By the way, why continue that odious fashion of buff? It's not decent—positively not decent; motley is your wear, sir, or blue, or what you will. A man in those odious tight buff hose looks like a wild Hirishman (I have lived three years among the *kernes*, Madam)—a wild Hirishman, who has no breeches at all—their very kings have never such a thing.'

'Oh, tell us about the wild Hirish kings without breeches,' burst out Franck, in eager delight. 'I have read in the legend of Saint Patrick, and long to know more of them.'

'More, child,' said the simple lady, kissing him; 'why, I believe thou hast read every book in this world—the boy has Latin at his fingers' ends, Sir Knight, as our good chaplain here can vouch; and for English, it is his mother's tongue, and he knows it as well as his father's.'

'Is it so?' said the knight; 'then I shall lend him the books of Chaucer and jolly Master Lydgate. My harp boy carries them in my trunks, and I never travel without them. For of all the tongues in the world for song and pleasant wit, commend me to the English.'

'I never would learn it,' said Jehan sulkily. 'I hate 'em so.'

'You are a great noble and a man of war, Jehan, and have no need of such book-learning, but Franck is a man of peace—is it not so, my Franck?—and shall be a great clerk or a cardinal, mayhap.'

'His father said he should be a clerk,' said the widow timidly, 'and so I taught him our old Saxon tongue, sir'; and herewith the widow fell a-musing and thought of fair Avon, where she was born, and old Bristol town, and the green pastures of pleasant Somersetshire.

'Tell us about the Hirish,' continued Franck, who did not like the turn that his mother's conversation was taking.¹

'I passed six years with them,' continued the Knight, 'going over to the country with my good lord King Richard, whom the felon Lancaster,' said he, clenching his little fist, 'basely murdered; but let that pass; one of these days I, Tristan of Castel-Sarrasin, promise to make him pay it. We set out from . . . sirs, in the year of grace 1394, a gallant army as ever was led by a king: ten thousand men-at-arms were we, and thirty thousand archers and vassals on foot. Ah, you should have seen the fleet making ready, and the stores of wine and provender that were put on board, and the minstrels that flocked to the host and made it merry, and have heard the trumpets ringing night and day, and the great war chargers neighing! Ladies were there too, and very fair ones too; but of such we will not speak in the presence of this chaste lady and damoiselle. Never was such a gallant sight seen as that of our ships sailing in a fair sunshine into Waterford Bay. A dirty town it is, Madam, and inhabited by a ragged people, but King Richard made the place splendid with his camp, and all the Hirishry came

¹ The reader very likely knows the delightful poem in the *Archæologia*, from which the Knight's narrative has been taken. The last incident is from Froissart.

down and wondered. More than his father, the Black Prince, had ever done, or his stern grandfather, the lord of Ireland, our good King Richard did by his state and splendour, and by the beauty and grace of his person. When Oneil the King and the Ulster lords saw our King, they flung themselves straightway at his feet and swore homage to him. To my lord of Mowbray, Earl Marshal, Macmore and the chiefs of Leinster did the like, taking off their knives, caps, and girdles, and swearing themselves to be King Richard's liege men.

'Fancy to yourselves in what a state these wild Irish chieftains were, and how they ought to thank us for teaching them the ways of honour and the glorious practices of chivalry. All their lands and seignories they bound themselves to yield up to our King, the rightful lord of such savages; they promised to aid him with all their swordsmen in the wars against those rebel kernes, who dared to hold out. In return for which service the King took them into his gracious pay, and made over to them all the lands which they might conquer from the rebel chiefs. Pretty lands, God wot, and a pretty people! Ride through the country, and you shall find nothing but great water, forests, and marshes. For miles you shall see no town nor person to speak withal. For the men fly to the woods, and dwell in caves and huts and hollow trees like wild savage beasts as they are, or were, until our lord King Richard came to benefit them.

'Thanks to his Grace, the Ulster and Leinster chiefs learned Christian manners from him, and bless his name to this day. For you must know that when we first came among them, they sate at table with their jesters and bondsmen against all the practices of chivalry, which beastly custom we caused them quickly to forswear. And in matters of dress they were habited in long yellow gowns and mantles of woollen, which we could with difficulty cause them to change for our French doublets and cloaks of satin and miniver. All this did great King Richard, however, effect for them, knighting their sons and them (albeit they pretended to have some rude heathenish chivalry of their own), and making courteous gentlemen of those who had been brutes before. Will it not make this noble company blush when I tell them that these rude monsters—these kings, forsooth—would not for a long time consent to the wearing of breeches, without which no serf or villain, honourable gentlemen, let alone a majestic prince, duke, or king, can be, as I need scarcely say, fittingly and decently equipped.

'And here it was with one of the aforesaid savage dukes or princes that a strange adventure befel me, the poor knight of Castel-Sarrasin in Gascony, who have the honour in this glass of wine to pledge this noble company. For, riding one day with my falcon on my fist, the prickers and huntsmen being on before, and my unworthy self plunged in thought composing (if the truth must be known) a little *virelai* or *chanson d'amour* in honour of Lady Blanche, my lord Marshal's mistress, who loved such trifles of my composition, and vowed I sung them prettily to my rebeck—riding, I say, musingly along, and rhyming Blanche, haunch, it chanced that in this pursuit my horse took fright and ran away with me, in spite of all my efforts, into the midst of the enemy. My friends could never overtake me, and in passing through the Hirish one of them, by a great feat of agility, leaped on the back of my horse and held me tight with both his arms, but did me no harm with lance or knife. He seemed rejoiced to have made me prisoner, and carried me to his house, which was strong, and in a town surrounded with wood palisades and stagnant water. This gentleman, by name Brien Costeret, gave me one of his daughters in marriage.¹

¹ Cristal in Froissart.

V

FRANCK DEPARTS WITH HIS BROTHER TO THE WAR.

. . . FAREWELL, O gentle mother, and peaceful haunts of childhood. The old Chronicle spelled at sunset in the hall-window, the old tales of knight and fairy told at night by the great hall fire which made every banner and helmet on the wall cast gigantic shadows round about the little trembling wondering listeners, who sat at the knees of the old almoner. Good-bye, Don the greyhound, and Boris the old toothless mumbling wolf-dog, who could do nothing but bay of nights and sit lazy in the sun watching Franck and Isabeau as they played in the court or busied themselves in their little garden under their mother's window. How pleased and silent and tender used she to sit and watch them from it! how carefully she will tend Franck's flowers when he is away, and clip and water his rose-tree! Isabeau is growing to be a young woman now, and will soon care for other things besides childish pinks and rose-bushes; other hopes and desires will swell that fair bosom of hers, and carry her heart far away. But here in this lonely place is all the poor mother's world, and all her little store of happiness is shut in by the old castle gate. How she has treasured up all the lad's sayings; how she will look wistfully of nights at his little vacant bed, and lie awake long hours thinking of him, her gentle heart full of thoughts inexpressibly sad and sweet. Many a risk and danger has he to run in this wild world, so full of snares and temptations; but err and forget as he will, there is one who always remembers, and night and day is praying and yearning for him.

The days in which Franck lived had at least this advantage over our own times—that if a man felt any particular passion for good or evil there was nothing to hinder him from expressing it, and that he was not bound to adopt the rigid stoicism which is considered as manly among us. The friendship of men for one another was extraordinarily warm. We read of brothers of arms riding the same horse, as Charles V. and Savoisie going to see the Queen's entry into Paris; sharing the same bed like Harry of Monmouth and Lord Scrope, who betrayed him; and upon occasions bursting out into the most extraordinary fits of tears as Richard II. did, for instance, at Conway, when he was seized by Lancaster, and swore

while weeping at the most piteous rate that as soon as he made his peace with Henry he would have him put to such a death as 'should be spoken of even in Turkey,' and that as for his attendants 'he would have them flayed alive.' When Harry of Monmouth again had offended his father he appeared before him with a gold dog's collar on his wrist and a gown 'embroydered with oylets,' with the needles hanging by the silk from the oylet-holes, and, taking his knife from his girdle, begged the King repeatedly to stab him, as he could not live without his good graces. What would George the Third have said of such a request from his son? It would have passed as the act of a madman, or as an insolent joke at best—so different are our ways from those of our ancestors.

Let it not be then considered as a mark of weakness on the part of Franck de Borsellen when it is stated that for the first day of his journey from home he wept and cried *moult piteusement*, and was not considered by his companions a whit the less manly for this exhibition. He would not take a morsel of supper that night, but went to his bed at the village where the cavalcade stopped, and slept well, after making many vows to keep his mother's injunctions faithfully, and say his prayers twice a day to Our Lady and Saint Lambert, and fast and confess him regularly, as a true gentleman should. Next day he rode on without breakfast, very dismal and pale; but at the halt of noon he had found his appetite again, and a few cups of wine drove the sorrow well-nigh out of his heart. The old knight Messire Tristan had taken, too, an especial fancy to him, and entertained him as they rode along with choice stories of the Court, and lays of the minstrelsy, and other matters of the day.

Although they were in the Duke of Brabant's own country, after they had advanced about a couple of days upon their march they found the village utterly deserted, which made the optimist Sir Tristan say that they had better choice of quarters at any rate, and describe the straits to which he and other noble knights had been put in former campaigns; the country, too, was laid waste far and near, and the party could scarcely find a grain of corn, whereon Messire Tristan vowed that it was very lucky they had brought a store of forage with them.

VI.

CONCERNING THE MEN OF LIÈGE AND PERIVOIS THEIR LEADER.

JOHN OF BAVARIA, called the Pitiless, brother of Duke William, although Bishop of Liège, refused to take orders, and even spoke of marrying. Not being inclined to keep his promise towards them, the Liègeois, strong in their numbers and always remarkable for their independence, turned out their Bishop and took to themselves a new one—a young man only eighteen years of age, a cousin of Saint Lambert of Liège, by name Thierry de Herries.

The real government of the bishopric, however, rested with Thierry's father, Henry lord of Perivois, a very skilled and prudent warrior, whom the Liègeois elected as their maimbourg and captain. The nobility and some of the towns of the Liège territory still held out for John of Bavaria, but Perivois marched against them and took them one by one, putting John's garrisons to the sword. Especially in the town of Bouillon which John had fortified, the commons of Liège took it and the castle by assault, and slew all those that were found within.

John by way of revenge entered into the Liège country, which he sacked and ravaged, carrying back with him a great booty into Hainault; on which the Liègeois with their captain at their head pursued him back into that country, ravaged, burned, and sacked more pitilessly than ever John had done; and though the Hainault noblemen and chivalry assembled all their forces for the purpose of punishing the commons of Liège, the latter were too powerful for them and retired back into their own country with all the booty they had made.

Meanwhile the Liègeois neglected no means of establishing the claims of their new Bishop. They exposed their case to the King of France. They sent an embassy to Pope Gregory at Rome beseeching him to degrade John of Liège from his episcopal rank, which he still persisted in holding, though not in orders; and when that Pontiff would not comply with their request, being of the party of the Duke; they forthwith sent to Pope Benedict at Marseilles, who agreed to all their demands and despatched his bulls accordingly in their favour.

Now when Bishop John found himself in danger, having lost

the greater part of his good towns and fortresses, he retreated to Utrecht, which still held for him, and sent messages to Duke William his brother, and Duke John his sister's husband piteously beseeching them to give him aid. Those Princes were naturally wroth at the insolence of the low-bred citizens of Liège, and were not slow to give their brother aid.

At the approach of the Dukes, the Liègeois quitted Maestricht, which they were besieging, and went back to their city—that is about five leagues from the former place. A great parley was held by the town councils whether or no they should attack the Dukes, and the lord of Perivois was strongly of opinion that they—being unused to the art of war,—should remain in their towns and fortifications, where they were well lodged, fed, and defended, and leave the army of the Dukes to separate and disband, as it must do from famine, when the Liègeois would have easy work in destroying it. But the citizens were puffed with pride at their former successes and determined to come to blows with the men of Duke John and Duke William. 'In their vaunted chivalry,' said they, 'in the year 1406 we offered them battle, and we were only twenty thousand then, and they fled from before us; and now we can bring three score thousand into the field. In all our combats with them we have had the advantage: let us destroy these proud nobles now and for ever at one blow!' It was all in vain, therefore, that their captain argued prudence: they determined to go out and meet the Dukes; and Perivois, seeing that his advice was disregarded, did the next best thing he could for his people, and made all the provisions for the coming contest that a brave and prudent captain should.

The deliberation being over, he gave his orders that on the morning of the 13th September in the year of grace 1408 all the citizens should be armed and ready to issue out of the city at sound of bell. Accordingly at the appointed time they marched out to the number of at least fifty thousand, as anyone might see, having among them five or six hundred horsemen well armed in the French fashion, and five or six score of English archers, who had come to serve in their pay. With the hosts went great multitudes of carts and chariots, with culverins, ribaldequins, and all the munitions necessary thereto. So prepared, the men of Liège marched out as far as Tongres, five leagues from Liège, where the enemy was now come. The men of Liège were full of spirit and longing for battle; and their captain rejoiced to see them in this

warlike mind, but exhorted them above all to keep discipline and be of one mind, as the troops on the other side were. It was Saturday evening they came to a field called the field of Hasbain, where they gallantly took up their ground, having the banner of Saint Lambert and those of the trades planted on the top of the hill. Although my lord of Burgundy very well deserved the title of *Sans Peur*, which he gained for his actions on this famous day of Hasbain, a great prince, be he ever so fearless, must be prudent too; and seeing the great force of the men of Liège, and knowing the valour and skill of their commander, Duke John, was for delaying a little either to make an arrangement with the commons, or if possible to withdraw from them their leader, or at any rate he was minded not to fight until the succours which he expected came up. There was his brother of Nevers who was marching to him with four hundred lances; Amé de Very was on the way from Savoy with three hundred basinets: the Duke looked out, too, for the Lorraines and the men of Count Waleran de St. Pol, and when he saw his own small army, and thought of that immense host of the commons that was coming against him, the heart of this great Prince was not without anxiety. For woe betide those who were to be conquered in the battle! The robbers and murderers, pillagers of Liège would give no quarter, nor in their turn would noble knights think of sparing base citizens and workmen who had put such insults upon chivalry.

Perivois would fain have negotiated too; but in truth he was not free of his choice, and, though leader of the men of Liège, could only lead them whithersoever they chose. Did he refuse to do their will, he risked to be murdered by them; were he to fight and be beaten by the enemy, there was a certain gibbet before him. Meanwhile he was condemned to have his counsels disregarded and his knightly experience made light of by boors and tradesmen; to have his prudent voice drowned by their noisy clamours.

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DUC DE BOURBON.

VII.

THE DUKE OF BURGUNDY IN HIS CAMP.

'MAY it please your Grace,' said the Gascon knight, 'your servant has accomplished his vow. Lo, here is the big warrior of Borsellen.'

'My liege knows me well enough,' said Jehan, going down on his knee.

'Welcome, Valentin and Orson,' said the Duke graciously.

'Welcome, Giant and Dwarf,' said Claus his fool; but Messire Tristan was too polite to notice this reflection on his person at a moment when he was occupied in doing his duty to so great a prince as John of Burgundy.

The Duke was surrounded by some of the men of the highest rank in his dominions, and those of Duke William his brother-in-law: there were the Counts of Namur and Delamarck, the Prince of Orange, the Counts of Clermont and Fribourg, the Seneschal of Hainault, the Sire of Croy, and others whose names may be found in the lists of the Burgundian Herald Saint Remy.

When Jehan of Borsellen fell back into the crowd he was very kind to his young brother Franck, who stood amazed at the splendour of the presence in which he stood; and indeed Jehan was by no means sorry to show the cadet on what terms he stood with the greatest prince in Europe.

Before he had finished his catalogue, a cry was heard without to make way for the king's ambassadors; and accordingly three of them, Messires Guichard Dolphin and Guillaume de Trignonville, and a secretary of the King's, were admitted into the presence of the Duke of Burgundy, and delivered the message of the Sovereign. Charles forbade the Dukes solemnly to make war upon the men of Liège, and called upon both parties to 'submit their quarrel to the arbitration of the King's Council.'

Indeed the summons came somewhat too late. The Princes were hot for the contest, and had with them the best chivalry of Picardy, Burgundy, and the Low Countries, as eager as their lords to attack the trading rebels of Liège.

'My knights and gentlemen will scarcely thank the King,' said the Duke of Burgundy. 'Here is Hue de Launoy has ridden four hundred miles, and brought forty lances.'

'Forty-five, may it please your Grace, and two brothers, and six score fellows on foot. And we well-nigh starved as we came through the Liègemen's country, and if you send us back again, the Lord help us. If your Grace deserts us we must take to the woods and help ourselves.'

'Did I not always stand by you?' said the Duke; 'and is there any man that ever served our family who can say I was ungrateful. Look you, Messire Guichard, here is one man who speaks that has broken his fifty lances, there are men round our tents, ten thousand more, all come at my bidding to put down these cursed brewers and weavers of Liège. Who is to pay my honest men-of-arms and gallant gentlemen? Not I, in faith. They must have their pay out of the pockets of the Liègers, and fill their bellies from their waggons.'

'I hear say there are a good ten thousand waggons loaded with all sorts of stores,' here grumbled an old knight.

'But shall we let our prizes pass by? Speak to us, now, Messire Guichard. You have had your say as ambassador of the King—now tell us, Guichard Dolphin, how would you act were you in my place?'

'In faith, sir,' said Messire Guichard, 'if I were the Duke of Burgundy I would have my rights and fall upon the rogues to-morrow'; and when he had delivered himself of this sentiment Monsieur Guichard smiled grimly and felt a great load off his conscience.

'Hear the Dolphin, gentlemen,' said Monseigneur; and indeed all present clapped their hands and applauded. 'It is the best speech I have heard to-day. And will you join us and break a lance or two with us?' continued the Duke.

'Yes, truly,' answered Dolphin, 'as every gentleman should, against these low-bred smiths and coalmen—his duty to his Prince being always done.'

'Well said; well said,' cried the Duke; 'and as you and your train, Sir Guichard, have come as peaceful men, you will need arms, with which my people shall furnish you; and so choose for yourself and St. . . . be with you to-morrow.'

Upon this Messire Guichard confessed, not without some shamefacedness, that, foreseeing the probabilities of war, he had brought his armour secreted in his baggage. At which admission (the reader will find the whole story in the Chroniclers) all the company laughed, and vowed that Messire Dolphin was a noble knight; and the

knight of Castle-Sarrasin especially took occasion to pour into his *protégé's* ears a long dissertation upon the excellences of knighthood and the duty of gentlemen to stand by one another.

The little knight in the course of their march had so imprinted upon the mind of his new acquaintance, John of Borsellen, the propriety of obtaining a still higher rank of knighthood than that which he held; and as it was the custom for the Prince to make on the eve of a day of battle a number of knights, bachelors and basinets, John signified that he should demand to be admitted into the latter rank, or, in the phrase of the day, asked to raise his banner.

How proud was Franck to ride as his brother's squire, and to think that he was going on the morrow to be present at his first battle. He asked leave to ride at his brother's side, and the permission was accorded to him; and, as in duty bound, he and the simple Gascon gentleman, a great stickler for all the practices of chivalry, went to a priest and shrove themselves, and passed many hours devoutly over their beads before they lay down to get rest for the morning's encounter.

Jehan made himself ready for fighting by joining a set of jovial fellows over the dice, and drinking whole gallons of claret wine to the confusion of Liègeois and Orleanists, and to the health of the Flanders Dukes. He was quite drunk when he reeled to his bed; but brisk and ready at daybreak, the whole array of the Dukes did not show a stouter or better appointed soldier.

VIII.

THE BATTLE.

‘**HARK,**’ said Jehan ; ‘these cursed guns are beginning to fire!’

The sentence was scarcely from his lips, when an immense stone discharged from the artillery of the Liègemen knocked down a horse and man of Jehan’s troop. Franck turned a little pale, and perhaps reined up a little closer to his brother.

‘You had better have remained with your mother, Franck,’ said Jehan, who at the prospect of a battle became quite good-humoured.

‘That is right, man, stick close by me. They won’t fire again for some, minutes and I make no doubts that ere a couple of shots more are over we shall receive orders to fall on them.’

Indeed, as Jehan said, orders were soon brought to the troops in advance—consisting of about five hundred men—to take with them a thousand big varlets on foot, as Monstrelet calls them, and to turn the flank of the enemy’s column and attack him in the rear.

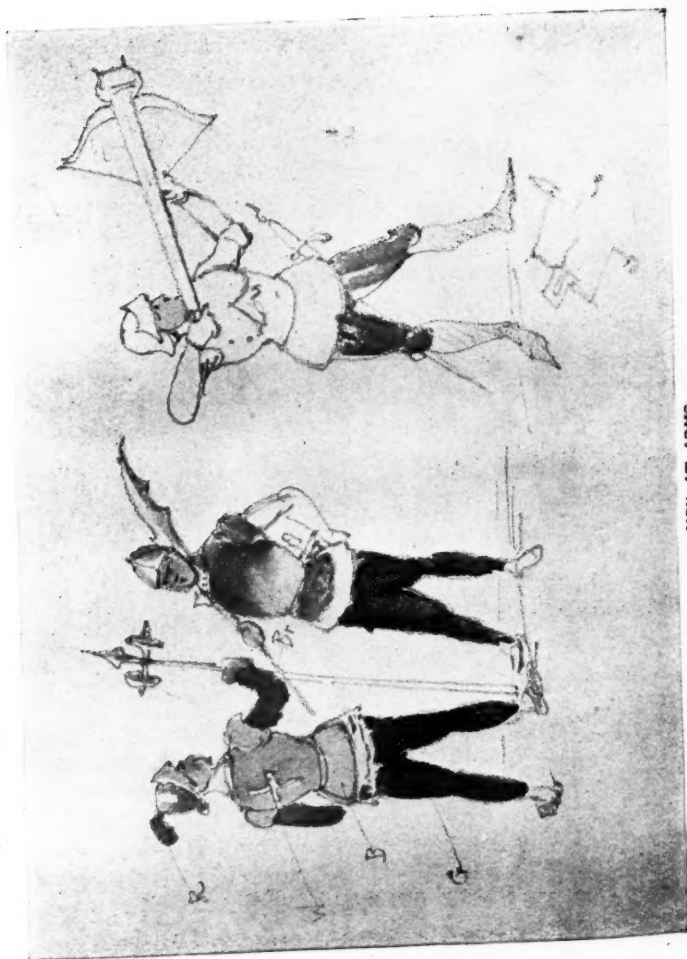
The Chroniclers have preserved a curious account of this not very complicated manœuvre. When the men of Liège saw the direction that the Burgundian body was taking, they thought they were flying, and were for breaking rank and setting on them at once.

But the old Seigneur of Perivois, like a wary old knight, said to them: ‘My friends, yonder body that is marching to the right of our columns, and that arrows and guns cannot reach, will come round and attack us on the flank while the main force of the Burgundian lances presses us in front. Keep you firm here where you are well defended, and budge not from your lines; your pikes and arrows will drive off the knights and their lances. Meanwhile, I will take our horse and go round and meet and charge yonder column. We are as many as they, and by the help of Saint Lambert as good or better men.’

All the old soldiers about the captain of the Liègeois saw that his advice was good; but the people and citizens yelled out: ‘He is a coward—he flies’: and the lord of Perivois, seeing that there was no help for it, said, ‘Well, I will show you to-day that it is not my intent to fly, in Heaven’s name let us stand close and bear the charge, for here it comes.’

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[To face p. 73.]



MEN AT ARMS.

['He hastily commanded the army to be formed into a square, in the front of which was a body drawn up in the form of a triangle; and the carts and baggage were towards the rear, on the right and left of his army, handsomely arranged. Their horses were in the rear, on one of the wings, intermixed with their archers and cross-bows; but these were of little value—except the English archers, who were better disposed of in other places. The Seigneur de Perivois, accompanied by his son, the Bishop, and some of his best companions in arms, posted himself, like a good commander, at the head of his army, fronting the enemy.

'During this time the two Dukes began their advance, gaily exhorting their men to bear themselves gallantly against the enemy, a rude and ignorant people, who had rebelled against their lord, and who confidently trusted in their superior numbers for success; telling them that if they acted as their leaders expected, victory would be theirs without fail, and they would gain everlasting honour. When the Dukes had made such-like speeches, they retired to their posts, under their banners, and advanced slowly toward the enemy, who kept up a heavy fire against them with their guns. . . .

'When the two armies met, the conflict became very severe on each side, and lasted for upwards of an hour, wherein many deadly blows were given by both parties. At this moment, the detachment on horseback, with their infantry, according to their orders, advanced towards the rear of the Liègeois; but from the position of the baggage waggons they had much difficulty in forcing their way. At length, by dint of courage, they succeeded, and having gained an entrance, began to lay about them so vigorously that the army of the enemy was cut in two, and they saw full six thousand Liègeois quit their ranks, with their guns and the banners of their guilds, and take flight with all speed towards a village half a league from the field of battle. When the detachment perceived this, they left off the attack they had begun, and pursued the runaways, whom they charged, not once but several times, beating down and slaying them without mercy; and, in short, routed them so effectually that through fear of death they fled here and there into woods and other places to hide themselves.'—*Monstrelet*.]

Franck, after perhaps a little thrilling mixture of pain and pleasure such as a man feels in his first combat, sang out presently, 'Our Lady for Borsellen' as loud as the rest, and laid about him with his sword, striking and stabbing and demeaning himself like a gallant young bachelor.

A thousand big varlets on foot, and the five hundred horsemen, had altogether despatched this flying body of Liègeois (there were

about six thousand of these unhappy men, nor did their adversaries lose a score of theirs in killing them), and the enemy being despatched, horse and foot were falling to plunder, when the Seigneur de Croy rode up to the leaders in a great heat, shouting to them: 'Gentlemen, gentlemen, we have lost much precious time; our business was not with this column of fugitives, but with the main body that still keeps its ground yonder, and that we were bidden to take in flank. Set upon them, then, in the name of all the saints, and leave the plunder until the day be over.'

'Messire de Croy says true,' said the knight of Castel-Sarrasin; 'gather your lances, Messire de Borsellen; and you, my young bachelor, make ready to kill some more of these hogs of Liège.'

'Here is a very fat one that I have stricken down,' said the young man, whose courage was up, and who felt himself longing for more blood. 'Look what a blow I have dealt the knave across the neck: as mine is a good sword, Messire Tristan, and my horse has as much courage as his master.'

'In faith, the boy struck about him like a man,' said Jehan, clapping his brother on the shoulder.

'He need not be a Hector of Troy,' answered Sir Tristan, 'to stick runaway boors and tailors in the back.'

Here one of the men that Franck had cut down, and who was lying close by the gentleman with a great gash in his throat from which issued a stream of gore, turned suddenly round and flung out his arms wildly, and cried out 'Jesus!' and fell back stark dead.

The Gascon gentleman seeing his case, bid a varlet get him a gourd of water that one of the slain men wore at his back, and as Franck drank from it he said to him, 'My worthy young bachelor, it is ill for young men to boast of their deeds of arms; let them only speak of them who have good reason to boast. See now, you can kill this poor tailor, and yet cannot bear to see him die: keep your sword, Messire Franck, for nobler enemies. See you now, here, I have never drawn mine from the sheath.'

'A peace to your talk, Sir Knight,' shouted Jehan, 'and don't dishearten the boy; he has acted to the best of his power, as he saw his brother do. I have slain to my own hand seven of these dogs, and if I or the rest of our troop had ridden with sheathed swords I should like to know where would these caitiffs have been now?'

'They would have fled as they were minded, and we half an hour since on the backs of the Liègeois, as we were bidden.'

'In faith, sir, you say right,' answered John, who was a good

soldier ; and so let us get our people together and do as the Sire de Croy orders.'

'It was he that led us into the scrape,' muttered Sir Tristan, 'and would not listen to the word of an old soldier.'

The troop was gathered together as well as possible ; those of the other commanders were assembled in a similar way ; and all set forward to attack the main body of the Liègeois that they could see on Hasbain hill a mile distant, with their flags still planted where they had been when the action began. The cannon were, however, silent ; for the men of Burgundy were hand to hand with the men of Liège, and it was impossible to fire without wounding indiscriminately one and the other.

As Franck rode on with his brother, he felt as if he would willingly give up his sword and return to that cloister that his mother designed for him, for the dead man's eyes were still staring at him, and his last word of despair ringing in his ears.

But in ten minutes they came within arrow-shot of the men on the hill

[' . . . Who, it must be said, defended themselves courageously. In truth, the event of this battle was some time doubtful, for during one half-hour it could not be known which side would be victorious. The noise of their war-cries was frightful : the Burgundians and Hainaulters under their banners shouted "Our Lady for Burgundy !" "Our Lady for Hainault !" and the Liègeois in their turn shouted "St. Lambert for Perivois !" The men of Liège would perhaps have conquered if this detachment on horseback, when returned from the defeat of the runaways, had not again fallen on their rear, and behaved so marvellously well ; then those who opposed them were pierced, and all attempts to check them were in vain. A great slaughter was made by them in a short time, for none were admitted to ransom ; and by their vigour, whole ranks fell, one over the other, for now all the weight and power of the infantry were also brought against them.

'The defeat once begun, there were such heaps of dead and wounded that it was melancholy to behold, for they were in many places thicker than stooks of corn in harvest. . . . At this period of the battle, and near to the banner of the Duke of Burgundy, where the conflict was the strongest, fell the Seigneur de Perivois and his two sons—namely, the one who had been elected Bishop of Liège, and his brother ; they were instantly put to death. Many other knights and squires to the number of upwards of five hundred, all the English archers, and about twenty-eight thousand of the commonalty, were left dead on the field, and more perished

by arrow-shots than by any other weapon. . . . I have no need to describe particularly the great courage and coolness of the Duke of Burgundy, nor how he galloped to different parts of the army, exhorting them to act well, nor how until the end of the battle he most gallantly behaved himself ; for in truth his conduct was such that he was praised and spoken of by all knights and others ; and although he was frequently covered with arrows and other missile weapons, he did not on that day lose one drop of blood. When he was asked, after the defeat, if they should cease from slaying the Liégeois, he replied, ‡ ‘ Let them all die together, for I will not that any prisoners be made, or that any be ransomed.’ In the like gallant manner did Duke William, the other Princes, and in general the whole body of the chivalry and nobility of the two Dukes, behave themselves. There were slain from five to six hundred of their men. . . .

‘ On Monday, the morrow of the battle, about the hour of twelve, John of Bavaria, Bishop of Liège, . . . came to the camp of the two Dukes, and most humbly thanked them for the succour they had afforded him. He and his party were received with much joy, and he was presented, on his arrival, with the head of the Seigneur de Perivois, which had been found, with his two sons, among the dead, and was fixed on the point of a lance, that all who pleased might see it.’—*Monstrelet*.]



NOTES NOT USED BY MY FATHER.

'A truth it is that Charles the Well-beloved, son of King Charles V., began to reign and was crowned at Rheims on the Sunday before the Feast of All Saints, in the year of grace one thousand three hundred and eighty, and was then but fourteen years of age, and right grandly did rule his kingdom; and at the commencement of his reign by advice of his noble Council he undertook many fair voyages, wherein he comported himself according to his youth, with prudence and valour enough. In Flanders he gained the battle of Rosbecque, by which he reduced the Flemings to his obedience and overcame the Duke of Gueldres, and also collected a great host wherewith to pass into England, making himself by such enterprises much to be dreaded by all persons who heard of him. But fortune which turns against those in high places, as well as those of mean estate, showed her fickleness towards King Charles, for as he was coming in the year thirteen hundred and ninety-two to his city of Mans, with intent of passing from thence into Brittany, and punishing the Duke of Brittany for giving shelter to Messire Peter de Craon, who wickedly attacked and waylaid Messire Oliver de Clisson, a most piteous adventure befell the King, and one which brought the greatest sufferings upon his kingdom.'

After commencing his chronicle in this way, Monstrelet proceeds to describe the sudden madness which fell upon Charles, which threw the government of his kingdom into the hands of the princes of the blood royal. And as we shall have much to say in this history with regard to this unhappy Charles the Well-beloved, and of the reasons wherefore during his reign the lords of the royal family were at strife, it will be as well to set down their names here, before we come to the facts of their history.

The kingdom of France during this monarch's illness was governed by a Council of which the nominal head was his Queen.

Isabella of Bavaria brought the king three sons and five daughters. The first son, called the Duke of Aquitaine, married a daughter of Philip Duke of Burgundy, his father's uncle, and died without issue. The second son, John Duke of Touraine, married Jacqueline, daughter of the Count of Hainault. The third son is known in history as Charles VII. the Victorious.

Of the daughters, the eldest, Isabella, married first King Richard

of England, and at his death the Duke of Orleans. Michelle married Philip Duke of Burgundy; Jeanne, the Duke of Bretagne; Marie was a nun at Poissy, and Catherine finally married Henry V.

Besides the Queen in the Council was the King's uncle, the Duke of Berry, the only surviving brother of Charles V., who had been a member of the Regency during his nephew's minority, and Louis Duke of Bourbon, the King's maternal uncle. With them sat the Duke of Orleans, the King's brother, the Duke of Burgundy his cousin, with the Count of Nevers, and the Duke of Limbourg, his brothers, the King of Navarre, the King of Sicily, certain other great lords of the royal blood, and some of the chief officers of the State.

During Charles's minority, and afterwards during his illness, every one of these great lords, his relatives, was at strife with the rest, conspiring with one another against one another, making treaties and breaking them at convenience, and not often hesitating at murder when the opportunity fell in their way. Collectively and individually they were occupied in robbing the country; and as to do so it seemed necessary that they should have the formality of the King's signature to their acts, the object of each party was to seize and keep possession of the Sovereign as long as he might.

The Dukes of Burgundy and Orleans were the most powerful lords of the family, and gradually the other princes joined one or the other's faction. As they had adherents in all parts of France, in all parts plunder took place, and from Bordeaux to Calais the fair realm of France was a scene of civil war. Ah! famous times were those for brave knights and warriors, and such as in our economical days are scarce likely to return. . . .

There were so many lords governing France at the time, and the claims of each were so various and so complicated, that it is no wonder mistakes were made, and parties continually plundered and robbed by Burgundy's men, by Orleans' men, by the King of Navarre's people, by the followers of the rival Dukes of Brittany, by the English English, by the Calais English, by the Gascon English, by the Free Companies that wandered through the country and served anybody or nobody, or by the men in the pay of the chief towns who had guards, captains, and immunities of their own, that were, of course, to be supported. Through the hands of all these passed poor Jacque Bonhomme. So much for his politics. As to his religion, there were, during the period of this tale, always two, and once three, Popes, who each expected his

absolute obedience, and excommunicated him if he refused it. Gunpowder had not blown chivalry out of the world as yet, and the latter, at the commencement of the fifteenth century, may be considered to have reached its highest pitch of glory. What Englishman is there that does not kindle at the name of Harry V. and love to think of the great victory he won on the Feast of Crispin Crispinian? Harry at this time was not the great conqueror that he was destined to be. His father and he had enough to do to keep their own (as they called it), and were fighting for their lives on the Scotch borders or the Welsh Marches with Hotspur and Owen Glendower.



The picture with which we would end this fragment is, perhaps, a peaceful foreshadowing of Franck de Borsellen's future life on earth, or is it only a memorial design? A distant Heaven seemed nearer then, than now, in men's daily thoughts. Now even Heaven is sought for here, by many who leave the hereafter to the Great Dispensation.

THACKERAY AND HIS FATHER'S FAMILY.¹

BY MRS. WARRE CORNISH.

THE present writer cannot have been very old when she first remembers Mr. Thackeray in Paris, because when he offered her his arm on the Boulevard de la Madeleine, and said they would be taken for husband and wife, she felt sorry that French people should see such a tall stately Englishman mated to such an insignificant little wife. Her hand went straight up from the shoulder to rest upon his arm, Aunts were left behind, the green Boulevard trees stretched before, the stroll seemed long with gay vistas. It cannot, however, have extended far, for there was a halt before the windows of the famous *confiseur*, Boissier, on the next Boulevard—named des Capucines. Boissier's boxes lay on a line with her eyes, and in the boxes were the bonbons in patterns.

'Don't you wish for that lovely blue box full of chocolates?'

'Oh yes!'

I recall my confusion still when Mr. Thackeray dived into the shop, paid many francs, and ordered the large box to be sent home, as the result of my indiscreet exclamation.

After this, adoration passed all bounds. There is a straight-backed arm-chair of the Louis Philippe period in my possession, with cushioned arms on which I used to perch beside my grandmother, Mrs. Ritchie, who was the great novelist's aunt. In that 'Grandmother's chair' now sat Mr. Thackeray, very fresh, very wise-looking behind his spectacles, very attractive with his thick curling hair and rosy cheeks. There was an element of mystery about him fascinating even to childhood. He always seemed alone. He had just been in America. He was on his way to Rome. He was meteoric. He was exceedingly sad and silent. He was wondrously droll. Above all, he was kind, so that the child perched beside him questioned him:

'Is you good?' (from the perch).

'Not so good as I should like to be' (from Mr. Thackeray).

'Is you clever?'

'Well, I've written a book or two. Perhaps I am rather clever.'

¹ Copyright, 1911, by Smith, Elder, & Co., in the United States of America.

'Is you pretty?'

'Oh! no, no, no! No! No! No!' (I recall Mr. Thackeray bursting out laughing.)

'I think you's good, and you's clever, and you's pretty.'

Thackeray and childhood are linked wherever "The Rose and the Ring" is read in English nurseries and schoolrooms. It was to be drawn and written in Rome for Edith Story (Countess Peruzzi) the following New Year. At the time of which I write pictures were drawn for us Indian children in Paris. The occult Morale of Fairy Blackstick was somehow impersonated by Mr. Thackeray in these pencil sketches, though to be sure he dealt poetic justice with his pencil, only in humorous moral to small heroines in well-appointed nurseries. In one of these faded sketches he appears above the steam of the evening tub looking gravely through his spectacles across a column of vapour to repress an uproar. In a pen-and-ink sketch of that time in my possession, a radiant little girl who is a foretaste of Betsinda and a lank-haired child in a shawl inhabit one slum. But she with the curls had secured a basket and a parasol. And she rides in the basket like any Park beauty, and holds her parasol aslant and knows her own dignity. And the other is the more wretched, and *she* carries a thin baby and a jug to the public-house. And in this study of temperaments we feel that when the child with the shawl is a grown woman she never *will* keep her eyes from envying a rival's happiness.

The moral conflict of everyday life, whether of rich or poor, of man or child, was never far from Thackeray's thoughts. And he ever seemed to remember not to judge lest we be judged. Once, on a later visit to Paris, naughtiness in the schoolroom, bewildering element to the culprit, was punished. A 'German tree' party was prohibited at Christmas time. Mr. Thackeray called and was *told*. A kind Aunt, conscious of over-severity, meant him to beg the prisoner off. But there was awful silence from the straight-backed chair. The world seemed to be coming to an end; the silence was felt by Aunt and niece. Grave Mr. Thackeray did not ask for another chance. But something was said about the necessity for discipline, and he spoke without a smile:

'I know some folks who were naughty when they were young and are good now.'

Did he mean himself? Something in his manner suggested

it and the disgrace seemed a bit lifted. But when the accused went to the party—for the informing of Mr. Thackeray had apparently been considered a sufficient shock—the sting remained, he had *not* interfered.

His deliberation was awful. One day the cat of the household seemed to come in for his psychology. She leapt on to the deserted breakfast-table and stole a bit of fish. Thackeray stood alone in the room (except for the child). He watched the cat's movements contemplatively and then exclaimed with tragic intensity:

'Que voulez-vous? C'est plus fort qu'elle!'

In that Paris home of my grandmother of which the letters that follow are the bequest, many literary souvenirs were gathered. But intimate things represent Thackeray better than 'gold-dust swept from the salons,'—Elizabeth Barrett Browning's description of his conversation in Rome. In the following trait the home detail must appear. 'The Newcomes' was finished in our house. My Aunts left two white-capped maids for the service of Mr. Thackeray and his daughters in the sunny apartment through September. And there he described the old cook, Annette, 'coming into the room one day to find me blubbering in a corner, I was writing the last page of "Newcome."' The death of Colonel Newcome could not have been written without tears, any more than the parting of Hector and Andromache. But as for Annette, the witness of a novelist's emotion, she kept her comments on *Auteurs Anglais*, in the classic days of the appartement, for the subject of their gigantic tallness. 'Monsieur Thackeray était très grand et de belle carrure,' but his friend, Monsieur Higgins (Jacob Omnium), 'était encore plus grand! C'étaient des géants et de beaux hommes pourtant.'¹

The following letter was written at my grandmother's death to her eldest daughter Charlotte. Mrs. Ritchie was the youngest daughter of William Makepeace Thackeray, of Hadley, Herts; he is buried beside the old church there. She was the favourite sister of Richmond Thackeray, the novelist's father.

¹ Thackeray is the only Englishman of letters who had and retains a popular name with the Parisians at large. The restaurant where his portrait in oils, as a young man, is preserved in a small panelled dining-room is Thérion's, Boulevard St. Germain (Rive Gauche). Outside the restaurant hangs a sign. It represents the *present* Thérion in the company of the novelist.

¹ In (she knew girl); in high-spirited

She has often been described.¹ Her eldest son William, mentioned in the letter, was the pride and glory of her last years; my father was Advocate-General with a great practice at the Calcutta Bar at the age of thirty-eight. We, his children, had been sent home to her care. And as his success crowned all her hopes, so too the fame of her loved brother Richmond's son was her joy. Mr. Ritchie, my grandfather, who died in '48, had shared her trust in the young William Makepeace when he chose literature for his profession, and came and went in their house at Paris like the *Zeit Geist* of the 'thirties.

Rome. Feb. 6, 1854.

MY DEAREST CHARLOTTE,—We have just received your letter, and I feel now more even than at our departure that we ought not to have come away and should have stayed with you. The comfort and companionship might not have been much, but would have helped some little. We shall be in Paris soon after this letter: for the girls agreed that they could not bear to take tours of pleasure, and think of you and dear Jane alone in your affliction. We set off by a steamer on the 9th and in a week more please God shall come and shake you by the hand. What you will do then, of what help we can be to you, we will be able to devise. Who can be of help in this grief? God forbid you should not feel it, and I sympathise in it—who recollect my dearest Aunt's sweet face when I came to her a child from India; for six and thirty years up to yesterday almost always sweet and kind and tender. O the pure loving heart! Does it not make yours thrill with thanks and devout gratitude to God our Father, to think that her's was so guileless and gentle, so full of dear kindness to all human creatures, as well as to her children and to me who am almost one of them. As we love and bless them when they are gone: surely we may hope that their love too for us still endures in yonder awful Future into which the Divine Goodness has called them. I sit at the paper and don't know what to write. I pray God to amend my life and purify it against the day when I shall be called to go whither my dearest Aunt has preceded us. Can't you imagine her reunion with those she continued to love after their departure with such a beautiful fidelity—the beloved father, husband, children who have gone before? My dear old William whose children you

¹ In *Biogr.*: *Introd. to Ballads*, etc.; in Mr. Walter Sichel's *Sheridan* (she knew the wit in her uncle Mr. Peter Moore's house in Westminster as a girl); in Sir William Hunter's *Thackerays in India* as one of the band of high-spirited brothers and sisters brought up at Hadley Green and afterwards distinguished.

watch over so fondly will bless and love his sisters for their care of them and his mother. You will keep your hearts up for those innocent little girls. Dearest Charlotte and Jane, I know no one can tell you how to do *your* duty. I am sure you will be cheerful and thank God humbly for my dear dear Aunt's affectionate remembrance. The post is going away—and indeed I haven't a word more to say dear Sisters but that I am yours most sincerely and gratefully and affectionately always.

W. M. T.

After her mother's death Charlotte Ritchie carried on the hospitality of the Paris home; she led the life of a Sister of Charity until 1879, the date of her death at 12 Rue Lavoisier. In her drawing-room hung a large oil portrait of the ancestral William Makepeace Thackeray, her grandfather and the novelist's. The following letter gives me a pang. Why should Titmarsh have been called upon to give up the picture of his grandfather?¹ He seems to have been asked to do so in the name of spring and youth and affection. How soft-hearted authors used to be! The date is that of 'Vanity Fair'!

Young Street, (post mark) 1849.

MY DEAR AUNT,—Of course I cede my picture to you with a very great deal of pleasure. I recollect it quite well as a child in India and admiring above all things how the stick was painted which was made to look as if it was polished and shone. What strange things the memory chooses to keep hold of! Your reminiscences are of a very different nature about the picture: it brings back spring and youth to you and all the affectionate histories connected with it; it can only be an ancestor to me. . . . I think that Southampton Row was the only part of my youth that was decently cheerful; all the rest strikes me to have been glum as an English Sunday.—Goodbye dear Aunt.

I am always affectionately yours and my Cousins

W. M. T.

Addressed to Mrs. Ritchie, 9 Rue Montaigne, Paris.

We must go back to the youthful career of W. M. T. with the next letter, the first to my father in my collection. William Ritchie was just going up to Trinity College, Cambridge. Thackeray was twenty-four. The letter contained his first announcement, if not of turning author, at least of commencing a book. His authorship before this date consisted of a few

¹ Now in the possession of the Rev. St. John Thackeray. The portrait is by Phillips, who called it the picture of a perfect English gentleman.

contributions to a luckless paper of which he became proprietor, and possibly, not certainly, he had sent something to 'Fraser' before this date. But the projected Traveller's book was to be postponed this year by his engagement to Miss Shawe and the following by his marriage with her. It was, however, to be written and published as 'Cornhill to Cairo' in 1845. Thackeray seldom penned a scheme in the air: deed always followed the word.

Paris, Sept., 1835.

MY DEAR WILLIAM,—The thing is impossible—I am tied to my Mama's tail, and must remain myself in this position for some weeks longer. We are going I believe to Strasburg, whence it is my intent to voyage *viâ* Munich to across the Tyrol into Italy—(*sic*). Besides this I am arrived at such a pitch of sentimentality (for a girl without a penny in the world) that my whole seyn, être, or being, is bouleversé or capsized—I sleep not neither do I eat, only smoke a little and build castles in the clouds; thinking all day of the propriety of a *sixième*, boiled beef and soup for dinner, and the possession of the gal of my art. This must account for my neglect of Jane,¹ which has been shameful, the fact is that I have been so busy of evenings uttering the tenderest sentiments in the most appropriate language, that I have never had the heart to disturb her among her virgin companions—God knows how it will end, I will, if I can, bolt before I have committed myself for better for worser. But I don't think that I shall have the power. My mama has given me a five franc piece to amuse myself with, and stop away for a day, but like the foolish fascinated moth I flickers round the candle of my love.

I suppose you go up in October—I would write you some very delightful moral sentiments on the occasion only you see I am in such a state of mental exhaustion that it is impossible to form connected sentences, much more to pour into your astonished ear the sound of sonorous moralities which are likely to have an influence on your heart—only, my dear fellow, in the name of the Saints, of your mother, of your amiable family, and the unfortunate cousin who writes this—keep yrself out of DEBT—and to do this you must avoid the dinner parties and the rowing (boating) men—however, you will see John Kemble who (particularly when he is drunk) will give you the finest advice on these and other moral and religious points.

I look forward with a good deal of pleasure to my trip. I am sure it would do you much more good to come with me, than you can get from all the universities in Christendom. I purpose

¹ Jane Ritchie was then a pupil at a rather famous school, kept by Madame Martinez, connected with the banished court of Charles X.

going from Munich to Venice by what I hear is the most magnificent road in the world—then from Venice if I can effect the thing, I will pass over for a week or so into Turkey, just to be able to say in a book that I have been there—after which I will go to Rome, Naples, Florence, and if possible pay a visit to dear Mrs. Langslow, who considering all things will I am sure be charmed to see me—then I will go to England book in hand, I will get three hundred guineas for my book—then I will exhibit at the Water Colour Society, and sell my ten drawings forthwith, then I will mar

You recollect the picture of Jeannette and her *pot-au-lait* on the Boulevards, as likewise Al-markan in the Arabian Nights: if you don't, Tony will tell you. Give my love to him, and aunt and every body. I am going to write to Frank¹ (for whom I have bought a plan of the battle of Wynendael) so I need not impart to you any of the affectionate remarks, which I intend making to him. God bless you my dear William, I will write to you sometimes on my travels, and when I am settled my wife will always be happy to see you at tea.

Your loving Cousin,

W. M. THACKERAY.

Thackeray's marriage took place in the following August 1836. The same autumn he brought 'the diminutive part of me,'—as he wrote accepting his aunt—Mrs. Ritchie's—invitation to stay with her and her husband at their country house at 'les Thernes,' now a part of Paris. Mrs. Thackeray's carefully trained voice and charm in singing was long remembered by all who heard her at 'les Thernes' or in Paris, where the young couple lived through a winter in the Rue St. Augustin.

And then their home was in Great Coram Street, London, and there are pretty descriptions of their eldest-born written by the young father and mother to 'Aunt Ritchie.' The little two-months-old Annie had 'a smile of the greatest sweetness'; at six months she seemed to understand her parents and to attempt to express her sympathy. The letters of the next year on family affairs are seldom without Thackerayana. But for the sake of wife and two children he was full of the necessity of regarding authorship as business. 'Punch' was started, and the wonder is that he found time for the exquisitely penned and

¹ The Rev. F. Thackeray, Rector of Broxbourne, Herts, author of the *Life of Chatham* and father of the Rev. F. St. John Thackeray. This uncle, great in genealogy, may interest lovers of *Esmond*, for he drew W. M. T.'s attention in youth to the command of Marshal Webb, his ancestor, at the battle of Wynendael.

neatly folded family notes of that time. In the year which dates the following letter, 'Vanity Fair' was begun. It was but an *ébauche* without a name. But do not the forms vignetted in the following jottings from Marienburg seem to beckon us forwards into 'Vanity Fair'?

Marienburg, Boppard-on-the-Rhine.
19th August, 1841.

MY DEAR AUNT,—You will see by this address to what an out of the way place we have come. It is, however, one of the most beautiful places in the world, a fine air, and a kind of genteel hospital set up for the cure of almost all complaints by means of sweating and cold water. Gouts and rheumatisms and other inflammatory ills go off here as if by magic. People begin at four o'clock in the morning to be wrapped up in blankets where they lie and melt for four hours, then come shower baths, plunging baths, hip baths, all sorts of water taken within and without, and at the end of a certain number of months: they rise up and walk. . . . My mother is here whose presence is the greatest possible comfort to me, and with her for a short time are my cousin with her husband Charles Smyth. They are two of the noblest people God ever made. Then the Bedingfield family's arrival—delicious rencontre! You should have seen Miss Turner skipping into the salon and as it were dancing to the music performed there. Time has not thinned poor Mrs. Bedingfield's hair in the least, and has given her son a pair of whiskers which protrude from his chin. Mrs. Jaffray, whom we met at Frankfort on a short pleasure excursion which did us both good—and who meeting me in the street with a cigar, gracefully took the cigar I was smoking out of my hand, and flung it in the gutter—Mrs. Jaffray¹ told me you were spending the summer at Boulogne. I was at one time thinking of wintering in the very same place: but my dear mother has not seen the children for a long time and her heart yearns for them, and so we shall face the winter at Paris. . . .

¹ Mrs. Jaffray is surely related to Miss Crawley, whose objections to her nephew's smoking at Brighton might seem to-day an exaggerated picture of manners! Miss Crawley was a charming woman. So was Mrs. Jaffray, the mother of handsome Arthur Jaffray, Thackeray and my father's contemporary and friend, who constantly welcomed them in Eaton Square.

'SYLHET' THACKERAY.

THERE was nothing in the early days or ancestry of the first William Makepeace Thackeray, the 'Sylhet' Thackeray of later days, to foretell his subsequent intimate association and that of so many of his descendants and connections with India. For centuries the Thackerays had been a home-loving folk, clinging to their small landed property in Yorkshire with all the tenacity of an Englishman's affection for his own hearth and home. Dr. Thomas Thackeray, who accepted the headmastership of Harrow, as a contemporary writer quaintly put it, 'to educate his own and other people's children,' being himself at the time the proud possessor of fourteen, was the first to break away from the old traditions and win a career for himself in the larger world beyond. So great was the work that he did for Harrow, rescuing it from the decline into which it had fallen under a previous 'drunken, disorderly, idle' headmaster, that he has been regarded as its second founder. Appointed later Archdeacon of Surrey and Chaplain to Frederick, Prince of Wales, Dr. Thackeray died a few days after resigning the headmastership of Harrow in 1760.

William Makepeace, his sixteenth child, was only eleven years old at the time of Dr. Thackeray's death, and the offer four years later of a writership in the East India Company's service, which in those days was an enviable and much sought-after appointment, promising the speediest accession to wealth and influence that the eighteenth century afforded, came to the widowed mother as a welcome solution to the difficult question of the choice of a career for her youngest son. Little in the way of preparation was required save a brief course of study in bookkeeping, and for this young Thackeray was sent to a writing-master at Bromley-by-Bow, who, in parting from his pupil, gave him only the somewhat lukewarm recommendation that he 'believed he understood what he had learned as well as most young gentlemen of his age and experience.' Thus scantily equipped with special knowledge, but with his mother's Bible in his trunk as her parting gift, the future 'Sylhet' Thackeray set out for India in the *Lord Camden* early in 1766.

It was a long and tedious six months' voyage in a sailing vessel round the Cape that separated India from England in the

middle of the eighteenth century, and Thackeray and the little company of fellow-writers with whom he sailed, 'each accommodated with a standing bed in the great cabin,' hailed with delight the first glimpse of the province from which they hoped so much, as the *Lord Camden* sailed slowly up the Hooghly and dropped anchor opposite Calcutta in August 1766. But recently emerged from the tragic days of Surajudowlah's occupation and the horrors of the Black Hole, the city which Job Charnock had founded seventy years before, bore little resemblance to the populous and palatial city that to-day lays claim to second place within the Empire. The days of the Old Fort, which had once enclosed all the Company's possessions on the banks of the Hooghly, were already numbered and the massive walls of the new Fort William were rapidly rising a mile away down-stream, typical of the greater solidity and more permanent character of the Company's position in Bengal. Lord Clive, the great soldier-statesman to whom the English name in India owed so much, was still at the head of affairs, and it was under him that Thackeray's service first began. On August 25, 1766, he was appointed to the office of the Secretary, being promoted to be Assistant under the President in the following year. For five years he remained at the Presidency, and there at the centre of authority he had unrivalled opportunities not only of learning the routine work of the Company's service, but of gaining an adequate conception of the broad lines on which the future government of Bengal was planned.

How closely, in spite of absence and the formation of new interests, the home ties retained their hold over the youngest member of the Thackeray family was evidenced by the fact that, no sooner was he in a position to do so, than he attempted to surround himself in exile with something of the old home atmosphere by sending for two of his sisters to keep house for him in India. The number of English ladies in Calcutta was still extremely limited, and the sisters of the young Assistant to the Governor were assured of a warm welcome. It was not long before Henrietta, the younger of the two and the acknowledged beauty of the family, was married to one of the most eligible men in the Company's service, Mr. James Harris, Chief of Dacca, the wedding taking place on January 15, 1771. A year and eight months later Jane, the elder sister, wedded a yet more distinguished servant of the Company. An eminently sensible and charming English girl, it was of her that her mother

had said when she left home to join her brother in Calcutta that 'if there was a sensible man in India he would find out Jane.' The 'sensible man' proved to be Major James Rennell, Surveyor-General of Bengal, who was destined to become the foremost geographer of his day, and who at the close of a long and distinguished career found his last resting-place among England's greatest dead in Westminster Abbey.

In August 1771 Thackeray had completed five years' continuous service at the Presidency, and the time had come for his transfer to one of the Company's up-country stations in order that he might gain an insight at first hand into the many problems that still invited solution in Bengal. His brother-in-law, James Harris, and his friend, Governor Cartier, had both put in almost all their service at Dacca, where both had made large fortunes; and it was in the old Eastern capital, which had seen such brilliant days under its Musulman Viceroys, that Thackeray was appointed Fourth in Council. Sylhet, the province with which he was to be so closely associated, lay on the easternmost outskirts of the Dacca district, and being so far removed from headquarters the Company had as yet had neither the time nor the opportunity to bring it completely under its control. It consequently still remained a prey to lawlessness and oppression in their most unbridled form, 'a province wherein the nature of the Company and its rules of government were very superficially known, and scarce a rule for conduct existed. Thackeray was therefore ordered to proceed to Sylhet as first independent Collector of the district. It was a tremendous task to entrust to one man, a junior writer not yet twenty-three years of age. To him it fell to impress upon this unruly frontier province the first imprints of those principles of law and order, of justice and fair-dealing, which were happily elsewhere fast becoming associated with the English name. Here was an enormous district as yet untouched, its limits unexplored, and its intimate conditions almost entirely unknown to the authorities at headquarters, in which everything still remained to be done. To collect the revenue and prevent oppression and injustice in its collection; to provide for its transport in cowries to Dacca—which was no light task, since 5,120 cowries went to the rupee and the local Zemindars and armed dacoits waylaid the boats in which it was conveyed; to undertake keddah operations on a large scale; to organise the manufacture of lime and arrange its transport to

Calcutta; to open up the district and develop its resources in every possible way; and finally, to lead an armed expedition against one of the most lawless and intractable local chiefs, the Raja of Jaintia—these were but a few of the duties that fell to the young pioneer Englishman in Sylhet. In engaging in private enterprise he was only following the universal practice of the day, which the smallness of official salaries necessitated, and the famous dispute with regard to the elephants was one that but for the unfortunate dissensions in the Council between Warren Hastings and Richard Barwell on the one side and Clavering, Monson, and Francis on the other, would never have arisen. The authorities in Calcutta, 'esteeming the tender of the elephants caught last year in Sylhet advantageous to the Company,' agreed to purchase sixty-two of them on condition that they were delivered at Patna. It was a long and trying journey from Sylhet, but Thackeray succeeded in handing them safely over to the Company's representative there, who received them without demur. Subsequently despatched from Patna to Belgaum, no fewer than forty-six of the elephants died on the march. That Thackeray should be held responsible in any way for their loss after they had been taken delivery of at Patna without complaint was absurd; yet in order to embroil Warren Hastings, who as President of the Board had sanctioned their purchase before the arrival of the three Councillors from home, the latter thought fit to dispute Thackeray's claim for payment. Having the majority on the Council they won the day, and Thackeray was forced to have resort to the Courts to obtain a decree against the Company. A decision was given in his favour, and the full amount claimed awarded him.

Nearly a year before the termination of this unfortunate dispute, Thackeray had married one of the most beautiful even among the many beautiful women who have made these years famous in the social annals of Calcutta. Amelia Richmond Webb was a woman after Thackeray's own heart, as untouched by the pushful and ambitious spirit of the age as he himself. To both of them retirement with the modest competence that was already theirs and the simple joys of English country life had greater charm than the prospect of further wealth and honour that longer service in the East might bring. Already Thackeray's health had suffered, and his brother-in-law, James Rennell, whose health had completely broken down, was a warning as to what he himself might expect if he remained; while the tiny

grave of her firstborn child in the Dacca Cemetery, over which his sister Jane never ceased to mourn, and which was only one of the many by which he had stood during his ten years' service in Bengal, made special appeal to him in the first days of his married happiness. Content with what they had, Thackeray and his bride sailed for home in the *Triton* in December 1776.

The ten short years of service in India were succeeded by thirty-six years of quiet happiness in retirement. Settled at Hadley Green in Middlesex, where his wife's brother-in-law, Peter Moore, who was later to become the guardian of the second and more famous William Makepeace, and his own widowed sister, Mrs. James Harris, also lived, he was supremely happy and content, busy in his garden, keenly interested in local affairs, the friend and patron to whom many a humbler neighbour turned in sickness or distress, but, above all, absorbed in the education of his numerous family of sons and daughters, who must have vividly recalled his own young days in the old home at Harrow. The early years of his retirement occupied in equipping them for the battle of life, he had the infinite satisfaction in his later years of watching them do credit to his training and win honours and distinctions in the Service in which he had led the way. Of his seven sons, six went to India, and in each case the farewell was a final one; for, though death had spared the first generation of Thackerays in India, it levied heavy toll upon the second. Not one of the six lived to retire and return home. Of his four daughters, two married Indian civilians, a third went to Ceylon, while a fourth became the mother of a member of the Viceroy's Council. To watch from afar their happy and distinguished careers was the greatest joy of his later years, and not the least interesting item of news that reached 'Sylhet' Thackeray in retirement was the birth on July 18, 1811, of his grandson, the future novelist, the only son of his second son, Richmond, and christened William Makepeace in his honour. Two years before this small grandson came home, 'Sylhet' Thackeray passed away at the age of sixty-four in 1813; and if in turning his back upon India after only ten years of active service he had left himself her debtor, he had the satisfaction of knowing before his death that he had amply repaid the debt in the sons and daughters whom he had so carefully trained and given to her service with unstinting hand.

F. B. BRADLEY-BIRT.

THE CASE OF RICHARD MEYNELL.

BY MRS. HUMPHRY WARD.

CHAPTER XIII.

'So I see your name this morning, Stephen, on their list.'
Henry Barron held up a page of the 'Times,' and pointed to its first column.

'I sent it in some time ago.'

'And pray what does your parish think of it?'

'They won't support me.'

'Thank God!'

Barron rose majestically to his feet, and from the rug surveyed his thin, fair-haired son. Stephen had just ridden over from his own tiny vicarage, twelve miles away, to settle some business connected with a family legacy with his father. Since the outbreak of the Reform Movement there had been frequent disputes between the father and son; if aggressive attack on the one side and silent endurance on the other make a dispute. Barron scorned his eldest son, as a faddist and a dreamer; while Stephen could never remember the time when his father had not seemed to him the living embodiment of prejudice, obstinacy, and caprice. He had always reckoned it indeed the crowning proof of Meynell's unworldly optimism, that, at the moment of his father's accession to the White House estate, there should have been a passing friendship between him and the Rector. Yet, whenever thoughts of this kind presented themselves explicitly to Stephen he tried to suppress them. His life, often, was a constant struggle between a genuine and irrepressible dislike of his father, and a sore sense that no Christian priest could permit himself such a feeling.

He made no reply to his father's interjection. But Barron knew very well that his son's self-control was no indication of lack of will—quite the contrary; and the father was conscious

¹ Copyright, 1911, by Mrs. Humphry Ward, in the United States of America.

of a growing exasperation as he watched the patient compression of the young mouth. He wanted somehow to convict and crush Stephen; and he believed that he held the means thereto in his hand. He had not been sure, before Stephen arrived, whether he should reveal the situation or not. But the temptation was too great. That the son's mind and soul should finally have escaped his father—'like a bird out of the snare of the fowler'—was the unforgivable offence. What a gentle malleable fellow he had seemed in his school and college days!—how amenable to the father's spiritual tyranny! It was Barron's constant excuse to himself for his own rancorous feeling,—that Meynell had robbed him of his son.

'You probably think it strange,' he resumed harshly, 'that I should rejoice in what of course is your misfortune—that your people reject you; but there are higher interests than those of personal affection concerned in this business. We, who are defending her, must think first of the Church!'

'Naturally,' said Stephen.

His father looked at him in silence for a moment, at the mild pliant figure, the downcast eyes.

'There is, however, one thing for which I have cause—we all have cause—to be grateful to Meynell,' he said, with emphasis. Stephen looked up.

'I understand he refused to sanction your engagement to Hester Fox-Wilton.'

The young man flushed.

'It would be better, I think, father, if we are to talk over these matters quietly—which I understood is one of the reasons you asked me to come here to-day—that you should avoid a tone towards myself and my affairs which can only make frank conversation difficult or impossible between us.'

'I have no desire to be offensive,' said Barron, checking himself with difficulty, 'and I have only your good in view, though you may not believe it. My reason for approving Meynell in the matter is that he was aware—and you were not aware'—he fell into the slow phrasing he always affected on important occasions—'of facts bearing vitally on your proposal; and that in the light of them, he acted as any honest man was bound to act.'

'What do you mean?' cried Stephen, springing to his feet.

'I mean'—the answer was increasingly deliberate—'that Hester Fox-Wilton—it is very painful to have to go into these things, but it is necessary, I regret to say,—is not a Fox-Wilton at all, and has no right whatever to her name!'

Stephen walked up to the speaker.

'Take care, father! This is a question of a *girl*, an unprotected girl! What right have you to say such an abominable thing?'

He stood, panting and white, in front of his father.

'The right of truth,' said Barron. 'It happens to be true.'

'Your grounds?'

'The confession of the woman who nursed her mother—who was *not* Lady Fox-Wilton.'

Barron had now assumed the habitual attitude—thumbs in his pockets, legs slightly apart, that Stephen had associated from his childhood with the long bullying, secular and religious, that Barron's family owed to Barron's temperament.

In the pause, Stephen's quick breathing could be heard.

'Who was she?'

The son's tone had caught the father's sharpness.

'Well, my dear Stephen, I am not sure that I shall tell you while you look at me in that fashion! Believe me—it is not my fault, but my misfortune, that I happen to be acquainted with this very disagreeable secret. And, at any rate, you must give me your promise that you will regard any communication from me as entirely confidential, before I say another word.'

Stephen walked away to the window and came back.

'Very well. I promise.'

'Sit down. It is a long story.'

The son obeyed mechanically, his frowning eyes fixed upon his father. Barron at once plunged into an account of his interview with Judith Sabin; omitting only those portions of it which connected the story with Meynell. It was evident, presently, that Stephen—to the dawning triumph of his father—listened with an increasingly troubled mind. And indeed, at the first whisper of the story, there had flashed through the young man's memory the vision of Meynell arguing and expostulating on that July afternoon, when he, Stephen, had spoken so confidently, so unsuspectingly, of his love for Hester. He recalled his own

amazement, his sense of shock and strangeness. What Meynell said on that occasion seemed to have so little relation to what Meynell habitually was. Meynell, for whom love, in its spiritual aspect, was the salt and significance of life, the foundation of all wisdom, Meynell on that occasion had seemed to make comparatively nothing of love!—to deny its simplest rights—to put it despotically out of court. Stephen, as he had long recognised, had been overborne and silenced by Meynell's personality, rather than by Meynell's arguments; by the disabling force, mainly, of his own devotion to the man who bade him wait and renounce. But in his heart he had never quite forgiven, or understood; and for all the subsequent trouble about Hester, all his own jealousy and pain, he had not been able to prevent himself from blaming Meynell. And now—now!—if this story were true—he began to understand. Poor child—poor mother! With the marriage of the child, must come—he felt the logic of it—the confession of the mother. A woman like Alice Puttenham, a man like Meynell, were not likely to give Hester to her lover, without telling that lover what he had a right to know. Small blame to them if they were not prepared to bring about that crisis prematurely, while Hester was still so young! It must be faced, but not, *not* till it must!

Yes, he understood. A rush of warm and pitiful love filled his heart; while his intelligence dismally accepted and endorsed the story his father was telling, with that heavy tragic touch which the son instinctively hated, as insincere and theatrical.

'Now then, perhaps,' Barron wound up, 'you will realise why it is I feel Meynell has acted considerately, and as any true friend of yours was bound to act. He knew, and you were ignorant. Such a marriage could not have been for your happiness, and he rightly interposed.'

'What difference does it make to Hester herself!' cried Stephen hotly—'supposing the thing is true. I admit it may be true'—and as he spoke a fresh host of small confirmations came thronging into his unwilling mind, 'but in any case——'

He walked up to his father again—

'What have you done about it, father?' he said sharply. 'I suppose you went to Meynell at once.'

Barron smiled, with a lift of the eyebrows. He knocked off the end of his cigarette, and paused—

'Of course you have seen Meynell?' Stephen repeated.

'No, I haven't.'

'I should have thought that was your first duty.'

'It was not easy to decide what my duty was,' said Barron, with the same emphasis,—'not at all easy.'

'What do you mean, father? There seems to be something more behind. If there is, considering my feeling for Hester, it seems to me that, having told me so much, you are bound to tell me *all* you know. Remember—this story concerns the girl I love!'

Passion and pain spoke in the young man's voice. His father looked at him with an involuntary sympathy.

'I know. I am very sorry for you. But it concerns other people also.'

'What is known of the father?' said Stephen abruptly.

'Ah, that is the point!' said Barron, making an abstracted face.

'It is a question to which I am surely entitled to have an answer!'

'I am not sure that I can give it you. I can tell you, of course, what the view of Judith Sabin was—what the facts seem to point to. But—in any case, whether I believed Judith Sabin or no, I should not have said a word to you on the subject, but for the circumstance that, unfortunately, there are other people to be considered.'

Whereupon, watching his son carefully, Barron repeated the story that he had already given to Flaxman.

The effect upon Meynell's young disciple and worshipper may be imagined. He grew deadly pale, and then red; choked with indignant scorn; and could scarcely bring himself to listen at all, after he had once gathered the real gist of what his father was saying.

Yet, by this time, the story was much better worth listening to than it had been when Barron had first presented it to Flaxman. By dint of much brooding, and under the influence of an angry obstinacy which must have its prey, Barron had made it a good deal more plausible than it had been to begin with, and would no doubt make it more plausible still. He had brought in by now a variety of small local observations bearing on the relations between the three figures in the drama—Hester,

Alice Puttenham, Meynell—which Stephen must and did often recognise as true and telling. It was true that there was much friction and difference between Hester and the Fox-Wilton family; that Alice Puttenham's position and personality had always teased the curiosity of the neighbourhood; that the terms of Sir Ralph's will were perplexing; and that Meynell was Hester's guardian in a special sense, a fact for which there was no obvious explanation. It was true also that there emerged at times a singular likeness in Hester's beauty—a likeness of expression and gesture—to the blunt and powerful aspect of the Rector. . . .

And yet! Did his father believe, for a moment, the preposterous things he was saying? The young man sharpened his wits as far as possible for Hester's and his friend's sake, and came presently to the conclusion that it was one of those violent, intermittent, half-beliefs which, in the service of hatred and party spirit, can be just as effective and dangerous as any other. And when the circumstantial argument passed presently into the psychological—even the theological—this became the more evident.

For in order to explain to himself and others now Meynell could possibly have behaved in a fashion so villainous, Barron had invented by now a whole psychological sequence. He was prepared to show in detail how the thing had probably evolved; to trace the processes of Meynell's mind. The sin once sinned, what more natural than Meynell's proceeding? Marriage would not have mended the disgrace, or averted the practical consequences of the intrigue. He certainly could not have kept his living had the facts been known. On the one hand his poverty, his brothers to educate, his benefice to be saved. On the other, the natural desire of the Fox-Wiltons and of Alice Puttenham to conceal everything that had occurred. The sophistries of love would come in—repentance—the desire to make a fresh start—to protect the woman he had sacrificed.

And all that might have availed him against sin and temptation,—a steadfast Christian faith, was already deserting him; must have been already undermined. What was there to wonder at?—what was there incredible in the story? The human heart was corrupt and desperately wicked; and nothing stood between

any man, however apparently holy, and moral catastrophe, but the grace of God.

Stephen bore the long, incredible harangue, as best he could, for Meynell's sake. He sat with his face turned away from his father, his hand closing and unclosing on his knee, his nerves quivering under the exasperation of his father's monstrous premises, and still more monstrous deductions. At the end he faced round abruptly.

'I do not wish to offend you, father, but I had better say at once that I do not accept, for a single instant, your arguments or your conclusion. I am positive that the facts, whatever they may be, are *not* what you suppose them to be! I say that to begin with. But now the question is, what to do? You say there are anonymous letters about. That decides it. It is clear that you must go to Meynell at once! And if you do not, I must.'

Barron's look flashed.

'You gave me your promise'—he said imperiously—'before I told you this story, that you would not communicate it without my permission. I withhold the permission.'

'Then you must go yourself,' said the young man vehemently. 'You must!'

'I am not altogether unwilling to go,' said Barron slowly. 'But I shall choose my own time.'

And as he raised his cold eyes upon his son it pleased his spirit of intrigue, and of domination through intrigue, that he had already received a letter from Flaxman giving precisely opposite advice, and did not intend to tell Stephen anything about it. Stephen's impulsive candour, however, appealed to him much more than Flaxman's reticence. It would indeed be physically and morally impossible for him—anonymous letters or no—to lock the scandal much longer within his own breast. It had become a living and burning thing, like some wild creature straining at a leash.

A little while later Stephen found himself alone. He believed himself to have got an undertaking from his father that Meynell should be communicated with promptly—perhaps that very evening. But the terms of the promise were not very clear; and the young man's mind was full of a seething wrath and

unhappiness. If the story were true, so far as Hester and her unacknowledged mother were concerned,—and, as we have seen, there was that in his long and intimate knowledge of Hester's situation which, as he listened, suddenly fused and flashed in a most unwilling conviction,—then, what dire, what pitiful need, on their part, of protection and of help! If indeed any friendly consideration for him, Stephen, had entered into Meynell's conduct, the young man angrily resented the fact.

He paced up and down the library for a time, divided thus between a fierce contempt for Meynell's slanderers and a passionate pity for Hester.

His father had gone to Markborough. Theresa was, he believed, in the garden giving orders. Presently the clock on the bookcase struck three, and Stephen awoke with a start to the engagements of the day.

He was in the act of opening the library door when he suddenly remembered :—Maurice!

He blamed himself for not having remembered earlier that Maurice was at home, for not having asked his father about him. He went to look for him, could not find him in any of the sitting-rooms, and finally mounted to the second-floor bedroom which had always been his brother's.

'Maurice!' He knocked. No answer. But there was a hurried movement inside, and something that sounded like the opening of a drawer.

He called again, and tried the door. It was locked. But after further shuffling inside, as though some one were handling papers, it was thrown open.

'Well, Maurice, I hope I haven't disturbed you in anything very important. I thought I must come and have a look at you. Are you all right?'

'Come in, old fellow,' said Maurice, with affected warmth. 'I was only writing a few letters. No room for anybody downstairs but the pater and Theresa, so I have to retreat up here.'

'And lock yourself in?' said Stephen, laughing. 'Any secrets going?' And as he took a seat on the edge of the bed, while Maurice returned to his chair, he could not prevent himself from looking with a certain keen scrutiny both at the room and his younger brother.

He and Maurice had never been friends. There was a gap

of nearly ten years between them, and certain radical and profound differences of temperament. And these differences nature had expressed, with an entire absence of subtlety, in their physique—in the slender fairness and wholesomeness of Stephen, as contrasted with the sallowness, the stoop, the thin black hair, the furtive excitable look of Maurice.

'Getting on well with your new work?' he asked, as he took unwilling note of the half-consumed brandy and soda on the table, of the saucer of cigarette-ends beside it, and the general untidiness and stuffiness of the room.

'Not bad,' said Maurice, resuming his cigarette.

'What is it?'

'An agency, one of these new phonographs, Yankee, of course. I manage the office. A lot of cads—but I make 'em sit up.'

And he launched into boasting of his success in the business—the orders he had secured, the economies he had brought about in the office. Stephen found himself wondering meanwhile what kind of a business it could be that entrusted its affairs to Maurice. But he betrayed no scepticism, and the two talked in more or less brotherly fashion for a few minutes, till Stephen, with a look at his watch, declared that he must find his horse and go.

'I thought you were only coming for the week-end,' he said as he moved towards the door.

'I got seedy—and took a week off. Besides, I found pater in such a stew.'

Stephen hesitated.

'About the Rector?'

Maurice nodded.

'Pater is in an awful way about it. I've been trying to cheer him up. Meynell will be turned out, of course.'

'Probably,' said Stephen gravely. 'So shall I.'

'What'll you do?'

'Become a preacher somewhere—under Meynell.'

The younger brother looked curiously at the elder.

'You believe in him as much as that? Father's dead set against him—and I've no use for him!—never had!'

'That's because you didn't know him,' said Stephen briefly.

'What did you ever have against him?'

He looked sharply at his brother. The disagreeable idea

crossed his mind that his father, whose weakness for Maurice he well knew, might have told the story to the lad.

Maurice laughed, and pulled his scanty moustache as he turned away.

'Oh! I don't know—we never hit it off. My fault, of course. Ta, ta.'

As Stephen rode away, he was haunted for a few minutes by some unwelcome recollections of Maurice's boyhood, especially of an incident which had occurred during a summer holiday, when Maurice had been discovered drunk in one of the public-houses of the village by the Rector, who had sternly dug him out and walked him home. But these thoughts soon passed away, under the steady assault of others far more compelling. . . .

He took the bridle-path through Maudeley, and was presently aware, in a clearing of the wood, of the figure of Meynell in front of him.

The Rector was walking in haste, without his dogs. He was therefore out on business, which indeed was implied by the energy of his whole movement.

He looked round, frowning, as Stephen overtook him.

'Is that you, Stephen? Are you going home?'

'Yes. And you?'

Meynell did not immediately reply. The autumn wood, a splendour of gold and orange leaf overhead, of red-brown leaf below, with passages here and there, where the sun struck through the beech-trees, of purest lemon-yellow, or intensest green, breathed and murmured round them. A light wind sang in the tree-tops, and every now and then the plain broke in—purple through the gold; with its dim colliery chimneys, its wreaths of smoke, and its paler patches which stood for farms and villages.

Meynell walked by the horse in silence for a while, till, suddenly, wiping a hot brow, he turned and looked at Stephen—

'I think I shall have to tell you, Stephen, where I am going, and why,' he said, eyeing the young man with a deprecating look, almost a look of remorse.

Stephen stared at him in silence.

'Flaxman walked home with me last night—came into the Rectory, and told me that—yesterday—he saw Meryon and Hester together—in Howlett's wood—as you know, a lonely place

where nobody goes. It was a great blow to me. I had every reason to believe him safely abroad. All his servants have clearly been instructed to lie; and Hester—well, I won't trust myself to say what I think of her conduct! I went up this morning to see her—found the whole household in confusion! Nobody knew where Hester was. She had gone out immediately after breakfast, with the maid who is supposed to be always with her. Then suddenly—about an hour later—one of the boys appeared, having seen the woman at the station—and no Hester. The woman, taken by surprise—young Fox-Wilton just had a few words with her as the train was moving off—confessed she was going into Markborough to meet Hester and come back with her. She didn't know where Miss Hester was. She had left her in the village, and was to meet her at a shop in Markborough. After that, things began to come out. The butler told tales. The maid is clearly an unprincipled hussy, and has probably been in Meryon's pay all the time—'

'Where is Hester?—where are you going to?' cried Stephen in impatient misery, slipping from his horse, as he spoke, to walk beside the Rector.

'In my belief she is at Sandford Abbey.'

'At Sandford!' cried the young man under his breath. 'Visit that scoundrel in his own house!'

'It appears she has once or twice declared that, in spite of us all, she would go and see his house and his pictures. In my belief, she has done it this morning. It is her last chance. We go to Paris on Tuesday. However, we shall soon know.'

The Rector pushed on at redoubled speed. Stephen kept up with him, his lips twitching—

'Why did you separate us!' he broke out at last, in a low, bitter voice.

And yet he knew why—or suspected! But the inner smart was so great, he could not help the reproach.

'I tried to act for the best,' said Meynell, after a moment, his eyes on the ground.

Stephen watched his friend uncertainly. Again and again he was on the point of crying out—

'Tell me the truth about Hester!'—on the point also of warning and informing the man beside him. But he had promised his father. He held his tongue with difficulty.

When they reached the spot where Stephen's path diverged

from that which led by a small bridge across the famous trout-stream to Sandford Abbey, Stephen suddenly halted.

'Why shouldn't I come too? I'll wait at the Lodge. She might like to ride home. She can sit anything—with any saddle. I taught her.'

'Well—perhaps,' said Meynell dubiously. And they went on together.

Presently Sandford Abbey emerged above the road, on a rising ground—a melancholy, dilapidated pile; and they struck into a long and neglected evergreen avenue leading up to it. At the end of the avenue, there was an enclosure and a lodge, with some iron gates. A man saw them, and came out to the gate.

'Sir Philip's gone abroad, sir,' he said affably, when he saw them. 'Shall I take your card?'

'Thank you. I prefer to leave it at the house,' said Meynell shortly, motioning to him to open the gate. The man hesitated, then obeyed. The Rector went up the drive, while Stephen turned back a little along the road, letting his horse pasture on its grassy fringe. The lodge-keeper—sulky and puzzled—watched him a few moments and then went back into the house.

The Rector paused to reconnoitre as he came in sight of the house. It was a strange, desolate, yet most romantic spot. Although, seen from the road, and the stream, it seemed to stand on an eminence, it was really at the bottom of a hill which encircled it on three sides; and what with its own dilapidation, its broken fences and gates, the trees which crowded about it, and the large green-grown pond in front of it, it produced a dank and sinister impression. The centre of the building, which had evidently been rebuilt about 1700, to judge from its rose-red brick, its French classical lunettes, its pedimented doors and windows, and its fine *perron*, was clearly the inhabited portion of the building. The two wings, of much earlier date, remains of the old Abbey, were falling into ruin. In front of one, a garage had evidently been recently made, and a motor was standing at its door. To the left of the approaching spectator was a small deserted church, of the same date as the central portion of the Abbey, with twin busts of William and Mary still inhabiting a niche above the classical entrance, and

marking the triumph of the Protestant Succession over the crumbling buildings of the earlier Faith. The windows of the church were boarded up and a few tottering tombstones surrounded it.

No sign of human habitation appeared as the Rector walked up to the door. A bright sunshine played on the crumbling brick, the small-paned windows, the touches of gilding in the railings of the *perron*; and on the slimy pond, a few ducks moved to and fro, in front of a grass-grown sundial. Meynell walked up to the door, and rang.

The sound of the bell echoed through the house behind, but, for a while, no one came. One of the lunette windows under the roof, opened overhead; and after another pause the door was slowly opened a few inches by a man in a slovenly footman's jacket.

'Very sorry, sir, but Sir Philip is not at home.'

'When did he leave?'

'The end of last week, sir,' said the man, with a jaunty air.

'That, I think, is not so,' said Meynell sternly. 'I shall not trouble you to take my card.'

The youth's expression changed. He stood silent and sheepish, while Meynell considered a moment, on the steps.

Suddenly a sound of voices from a distance became audible through the grudgingly opened door. It appeared to come from the back of the house. The man looked behind him, his mouth twitching with repressed laughter. Meynell ran down the steps and turned to the left where a door led through a curtain-wall to the garden. Meanwhile the house-door was hastily banged behind him.

'Uncle Richard!'

Behind the house, Meynell came upon the persons he sought. In an overgrown formal garden, full of sun, he perceived an old stone bench, under an overhanging yew. Upon it sat Hester, bare-headed, the golden masses of her hair shining against the blackness of the tree. Roddy mounted guard beside her, his nose upon her lap; and on a garden chair in front of her lounged Philip Meryon, smoking and chatting. At sight of Meynell, they both sprang to their feet. Roddy first growled, and then, as soon as he recognised Meynell, wagged his tail. Philip, with a swaying step, advanced towards the newcomer, cigar in hand.

'How do you do, Richard! It is not often you honour me with a visit.'

For a moment Meynell looked from one to the other in silence.

And they, whether they would or no, could not but feel the power of the rugged figure in the short clerical coat and wide-awake, and of the searching look with which he regarded them. Hester nervously began to put on her hat. Philip threw away his cigar, and braced himself angrily.

'Your mother has been anxious about you, Hester,' said Meynell, at last. 'And I have come to bring you home.'

Then turning to Meryon he said—'With you, Philip, I will reckon later on. The lies you have instructed your servants to tell are a sufficient indication that you are ashamed of your behaviour. This young lady is under age. Her mother and I, who are her lawful guardians, forbid her acquaintance with you.'

'By what authority, I should like to know?' said Philip sneeringly. 'Hester is not a child—nor am I.'

'All that we will discuss when we meet,' said the Rector. 'I propose to call upon you to-morrow.'

'This time you may really find me fled,' laughed Philip, insolently. But he had turned white.

Meynell made no reply. He went to Hester, and lifting the girl's silk cape, which had fallen off, he put it round her shoulders. He felt them trembling. But she looked at him fiercely, put him aside, and ran to Meryon.

'Good-bye, Philip, good-bye—it won't be for long!'

And she held out her two hands, pleadingly. Meryon took them, and they stared at each other; while the Rector was conscious of a flash of dismay.

What if there was now more in the business than mere mischief and wantonness? Hester was surprisingly lovely, with this touching tremulous look, so new, and, to the Rector, so intolerable!

'I must ask you to come at once,' he said, walking up to her, and the girl, with compressed lips, dropped Meryon's hands and obeyed.

Meryon walked beside them to the garden door, very pale, and breathing quick.

'You can't separate us'—he said to Meynell—'though of

course you'll try. Hester, don't believe anything he tells you—till I confirm it.'

'Not I!' she said proudly.

Meynell led her through the door, and then, turning peremptorily, desired Meryon not to follow them. Philip hesitated, and yielded. He stood in the doorway, his hands in his pockets, watching them, a splendid figure, with his melodramatic good looks, and vivid colour.

CHAPTER XIV.

HESTER and Meynell walked down the avenue, side by side. Behind them, the lunette window under the roof opened again, and a woman's face, framed in black touzled hair, looked out, grinned, and disappeared.

Hester carried her head high, a scornful defiance breathing from the flushed cheeks and tightened lips. Meynell made no attempt at conversation, till just as they were nearing the lodge he said, 'We shall find Stephen a little farther on. He was riding, and thought you might like his horse to give you a lift home.'

'Oh, a *plot!*' cried Hester, raising her chin still higher—'and Stephen in it too! Well, really I shouldn't have thought it was worth anybody's while to spy upon my very insignificant proceedings like this. What does it matter to him, or you, or anyone else, what I do?'

She turned her beautiful eyes, tragically wide and haughty, upon her companion. There was absurdity in her pose, and yet, as Meynell uncomfortably recognised, a new touch of something passionate and real.

The Rector made no reply, for they were at the turn of the road, and beyond it Stephen and his horse were to be seen waiting.

Stephen came to meet them, the bridle over his arm.

'Hester, wouldn't you like my horse? It is a long way home. I can send for it later.'

She looked proudly from one to the other. Her colour had suddenly faded, and from the pallor the firm yet delicate lines of the features emerged with unusual emphasis.

'I think you had better accept,' said Meynell gently. As he looked at her, he wondered whether she might not faint on their

hands with anger and excitement. But she controlled herself, and as Stephen brought the brown mare alongside, and held out his hand, she put her foot in it, and he swung her to the saddle.

'I don't want both of you,' she said passionately. 'One warder is enough!'

'Hester!' cried Stephen reproachfully. Then he added, trying to smile—'I am going into Markborough. Any commission?'

Hester disdained to answer. She gathered up the reins and set the horse in motion. Stephen's way lay with them for a hundred yards. He tried to make a little indifferent conversation, but neither Meynell nor Hester replied. Where the lane they had been following joined the Markborough road, he paused to take his leave of them; and as he did so, he saw his two companions brought together, as it were, into a common picture by the over-circling shade of the autumnal trees which hung over the road; and he perceived as he had never yet done the strange likeness between them. Perplexity, love,—despairing and jealous love—a passionate championship of the beauty which seemed to him outraged and insulted by the common talk and speculation of indifferent and unfriendly mouths; an earnest desire to know the truth, and the whole truth, that he might the better prove his love, and defend his friend; and a dismal certainty through it all that Hester had been finally snatched from him:—these conflicting feelings very nearly overpowered him. It was all he could do to take a calm farewell of them. Hester's eyes under their fierce brows followed him along the road.

Meanwhile she and Meynell turned into a bridle-path through the woods. Hester sat erect, her slender body adjusting itself with unconscious grace to the quiet movements of the horse, which Meynell was leading. Overhead the October day was beginning to darken, and the yellow leaves shaken by occasional gusts were drifting mistily down on Hester's hair and dress, and on the glossy flanks of the mare.

At last Meynell looked up. There was intense feeling in his face—a deep and troubled tenderness.

'Hester!—is there no way in which I can convince you that if you go on as you have been doing—deceiving your best friends—and letting this man persuade you into secret meetings—you will bring disgrace on yourself, and sorrow on us? A few more

escapades like to-day, and we might not be able to save you from disgrace.'

He looked at her searchingly.

'I am going to choose for myself!'—said Hester after a moment, in a low, resolute voice—'I am not going to sacrifice my life to anybody.'

'You will sacrifice it if you go on flirting with this man—if you will not believe me—who am his kinsman and have no interest whatever in blackening his character—when I tell you that he is a bad man, corrupted by low living and self-indulgence, with whom no girl should trust herself. The action you have taken to-day, your deliberate defiance of us all, make it necessary that I should speak in even plainer terms to you than I have done yet—that I should warn you as roughly as I can, that by allowing this man to make love to you—perhaps to propose a runaway match to you—how do I know what villainy he may have been proposing!—you are running risks of utter disaster and disgrace.'

'Perhaps. That is my affair.'

The girl's voice shook with excitement.

'No!—it is not your affair only. No man liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself! It is the affair of all those who love you,—of your family—of your poor Aunt Alice, who cannot sleep for grieving—'

Hester raised her free hand, and angrily pushed back the masses of fair hair that were falling about her face.

'What is the good of talking about "love," Uncle Richard?' She spoke with a passionate impatience. 'You know very well that *nobody* at home loves me! Why should we all be hypocrites! I have got, I tell you, to look after *myself*, to plan my life for myself! My mother can't help it if she doesn't love me. I don't complain, but I do think it is a shame you should say she does, when you know—know—*know*—she doesn't! My sisters and brothers just dislike me—that's all there is in that! All my life I've known it—I've felt it. Why, when I was a baby they never played with me—they never made a pet of me—they wouldn't have me in their games. My father positively disliked me. Whenever the nurse brought me downstairs,—he used to call to her to take me up again. Oh, how tired I got of the nursery!—I hated it—I hated nurse—I hated all the old toys—for I never had any new ones. Do you remember'—she

turned on him—‘that day when I set fire to all the clean clothes—that were airing before the fire?’

‘Perfectly!’ said the Rector, with an involuntary smile that relaxed the pale gravity of his face.

‘I did it because I hadn’t been downstairs for three nights. I might have been dead for all anybody cared. Then I was determined they should care,—and I got hold of the matches. I thought the clothes would burn first—and then my starched frock would catch fire—and then—everybody would be sorry for me at last. But unfortunately I got frightened, and ran up the passage screaming—silly little fool! That might have made an end of it, once for all—’

Meynell interrupted—

‘And after it,’ he said, looking her in the eyes—‘when the fuss was over—I remember seeing you in Aunt Alsie’s arms. Have you forgotten how she cried over you, and defended you, and begged you off? You were ill with the excitement. She took you off to the cottage, and nursed you till you were well again, and it had all blown over; as she did again and again afterwards. Have you forgotten *that*—when you say that no one loved you?’

He turned upon her with that bright penetrating look, with its touch of accusing sarcasm, which had so often given him the mastery over erring souls. For Meynell had the pastoral gift almost in perfection,—the courage, the ethical self-confidence and the instinctive tenderness which belong to it. The certitudes of his mind were all ethical; and in this region he might have said with Newman that ‘a thousand difficulties cannot make one doubt.’

Hester had often yielded to this power of his in the past, and it was evident that she trembled under it now. To hide it she turned upon him with fresh anger.

‘No, I haven’t forgotten it!—and I’m *not* an ungrateful fiend—though of course you think it. But Aunt Alsie’s like all the others now. She—she’s turned against me!’ There was a break in the girl’s voice that she tried in vain to hide.

‘It isn’t true, Hester! I think you know it isn’t true.’

‘It is true! She has secrets from me—and when I ask her to trust me—then she treats me like a child—and shakes me off as if I were just a stranger. If she holds me at arm’s-length I am not going to tell her all *my* affairs!’

The rounded bosom under the little black mantle rose and fell tumultuously, and angry tears shone in the brown eyes. Meynell had raised his head with a sudden movement, and regarded her intently.

‘What secrets?’

‘I found her—one day—with a picture—she was crying over. It—it was some one she had been in love with—I am certain it was—a handsome, dark man. And I begged her to tell me—and she just got up and went away. So then I took my own line!’

Hester furiously dashed away the tears she had not been able to stop.

Meynell’s look changed. His voice grew strangely pififul and soft.

‘Dear Hester—if you knew—you couldn’t be unkind to Aunt Alice.’

‘Why shouldn’t I know! Why am I treated like a baby?’

‘There are some things too bitter to tell,’ he said gravely, ‘some griefs we have no right to meddle with. But we can heal them, or make them worse. You’—his kind eyes scourged her again—‘have been making everything worse for Aunt Alsie for a long time past.’

Hester shrugged her shoulders passionately, as though to repel the charge, but she said nothing. They moved on in silence for a little. In Meynell’s mind there reigned a medley of feelings—tragic recollections, moral questionings, which time had never silenced, perplexity as to the present and the future, and with it all, the liveliest and sorest pity for the young, childish, violent creature beside him. It was not for those who, with whatever motives, had contributed to bring her to that state and temper, to strike any note of harshness.

Presently, as they neared the end of the woody path, he looked up again. He saw her sitting sullenly on the gently moving horse, a vision of beauty at bay. The sight determined him towards frankness.

‘Hester!—I have told you that if you go on flirting with Philip Meryon you run the risk of disgrace and misery, because he has no conscience and no scruples, and you are ignorant and inexperienced, and have no idea of the fire you are playing with. But I think I had better go further. I am going to say what you force me to say to you—young as you are. My strong belief is

that Philip Meryon is either married already, or so entangled that he has no right to ask any decent woman to marry him. I have suspected it a long time. Now you force me to prove it.'

Hester turned her head away.

'He told me I wasn't to believe what you said about him!' she said in her most obstinate voice.

'Very well. Then I must set at once about proving it. The reasons which make me believe it are not for your ears.' Then his tone changed—'Hester!—my child!—you can't be in love with that fellow, that false, common fellow!—you can't!'

Hester compressed her lips and would not answer. A rush of distress came over Meynell as he thought of her movement towards Philip in the garden. He gently resumed—

'Any day now might bring the true lover, Hester!—the man who would comfort you for all the past, and show you what joy really means. Be patient, dear Hester—be patient! If you wanted to punish us for not making you happy enough, well, you have done it! But don't plunge us all into despair! And take a little thought for your old guardian, who seems to have the world on his shoulders, and yet can't sleep at nights, for worrying about his ward, who won't believe a word he says, and sets all his wishes at defiance.'

His manner expressed a playful and reproachful affection. Their eyes met. Hester tried hard to maintain her antagonism, and he was well aware that he was but imperfectly able to gauge the conflict of forces in her mind. He resumed his pleading with her—tenderly—urgently. And at last she gave way, at least apparently. She allowed him to lay a friendly hand on hers that held the reins, and she said with a long bitter breath—

'Oh, I know I'm a little beast!'

'My old-fashioned ideas don't allow me to apply that epithet to young women! But if you'll say "I want to be friends, Uncle Richard, and I won't deceive you any more," why then you'll make an old fellow happy! Will you?'

Slowly she let her cold fingers slip into his warm, protecting palm, as he smiled upon her. She yielded to the dignity and charm of Meynell's character as she had done a thousand times before; but in the proud unhappy look she bent upon him there were new and disquieting things,—prophecies of the coming womanhood, not to be unravelled. Meynell pressed her hand, and put it back upon the reins with a sigh he could not repress.

He began to talk with a forced cheerfulness of their coming journey—of the French *milieu* to which she was going. Hester answered in monosyllables, every now and then—he thought—repressing a sob. And again and again the discouraging thought struck through him—‘Has this fellow touched her heart?’—so strong was the impression of an emerging soul and a developing personality.

Suddenly through the dispersing trees a light figure came hurriedly towards them. It was Alice Puttenham. She was pale and weary, and when she saw Hester, with Meynell beside her, she gave a little cry. But Meynell, standing behind Hester, put his finger on his lips, and she controlled herself. Hester greeted her without any sign of emotion; and the three went homeward along the misty ways of the park. The sun had been swallowed up by rising fog; all colour had been sucked out of the leaves, and the heather, even from the golden glades of fern. Only Hester’s hair, and her white dress as she passed along, uplifted, made of her a kind of luminous wraith, and beside her, like the supports of an altar-piece, moved the two pensive figures of Meynell and Alice.

From a covert of thorn in the park, a youth who had retreated into its shelter on their approach, watched them with malicious eyes. Another man was with him—a sheepish red-faced person, who peered curiously at the little procession as it passed, about a hundred yards away.

‘Quite a family party!’ said Maurice Barron, with a laugh.

In the late evening Meynell returned to the Rectory a wearied man, but with hours of occupation and correspondence still before him. He had left Hester with Alice Puttenham, in a state which Meynell interpreted as at once alarming and hopeful; alarming because it suggested that there might be an element of passion in what had seemed to be a mere escapade dictated by vanity and temper; and hopeful because of the emotion the girl had once or twice betrayed, for the first time in the experience of anyone connected with her. When they entered Alice Puttenham’s drawing-room, for instance,—for Hester had stipulated she was not to be taken home—Alice had thrown her arms round her, and Hester had broken suddenly into crying, a thing unheard of. Meynell of course had hastily disappeared.

Since then the parish had taken its toll. Visits to two or three sick people had been paid. The Rector had looked in at the schools, where a children's evening was going on, and had told the story of Aladdin with riotous success; he had taken off his coat to help in putting up decorations for an entertainment in the little Wesleyan meeting-house of corrugated iron; the parish nurse had waylaid him with reports, and he had dashed into the back parlour of a small embarrassed tradesman, in mortal fear of collapse and bankruptcy, with the offer of a loan, sternly conditional upon facing the facts, and getting in an auditor. Lady Fox-Wilton of course had been seen, and the clamour of her most unattractive offspring allayed as much as possible. And now, emerging from this tangle of personal claims and small interests, in the silence and freedom of the night hours, Meynell was free to give himself once more to the intellectual and spiritual passion of the Reform movement. His table was piled with unopened letters; on his desk lay a half-written article, and two or three foreign books, the latest products of the Modernist movement abroad. His crowded be-littered room smiled upon him, as he shut its door upon the outer world. For within it, he lived more truly, more vividly, than anywhere else; and all the more since its threadbare carpet had been trodden by Mary Elsmere.

Yet as he settled himself by the fire with his pipe and his letters for half an hour's ease before going to his desk, his thoughts were still full of Hester. The incurable optimism, the ready faith, where his affections were concerned, which was so strong a note of his character, was busy persuading him that all would be well. At last, between them, they had made an impression on the poor child; and as for Philip, he should be dealt with this time with a proper disregard of either his own or his servants' lying. Hester was now to spend some months with a charming and cultivated French family. Plenty of occupation, plenty of amusement, plenty of appeal to her intelligence. Then, perhaps, travel for a couple of years, with Aunt Alice—as much separation as possible, anyway, from the Northleigh family and house. Alice was not rich, but she could manage as much as that, if he advised it, and he would advise it. Then with her twenty-first year, the crisis must be met,—and the child must know! Lovers would be a difficulty then as now;

but it would be a cold-blooded lover that would weigh her story against her face.

Yet comfort himself as he would, dream as he would, Meynell's conscience was always sore for Hester. Had they done right—or hideously wrong? Had not the child been sacrificed to the mother? Were not all their devices a mere trifling with nature—a mere attempt to 'bind the courses of Orion,' with the inevitable result in Hester's unhappy childhood and perverse youth?

The Rector as he pulled at his pipe could still feel the fluttering of her thin hand in his. It seemed to stir in him again all the intolerable pity, the tragic horror of the past. Poor, poor little girl! But she should be happy yet, 'with rings on her fingers,' and everything proper!

Then from this fatherly and tender preoccupation he passed into a more intimate and poignant dreaming. Mary!—in the moonlight, under the autumn trees, was the vision that held him;—varied sometimes by the consciousness of her in that very room, sitting ghostly in the chair beside him, her lovely eyes wandering over its confusion of books and papers. He thought of her exquisite neatness of dress and delicacy of movement, and smiled happily to himself. 'She must have wanted to tidy up!' And he dared to dream of a day when she would come and take possession of him,—books, body, and soul, and gently order his life. . . .

'Why, you rascals!'—he said, jealously, to the dogs—'she fed you—I know she did!—she petted and pampered you—out with it! She likes dogs—you may thank your lucky stars she does!'

But they only raised their eager heads, and turned their loving eyes upon him, prepared to let loose pandemonium, as soon as he showed signs of moving.

'Well, you don't expect me to take you out for a walk at ten o'clock at night, do you—idiots!' he hurled at them reprovingly; and after another moment of bright-eyed interrogation, disappointment descended, and down went their noses on their paws again.

His trust in the tender steadfastness of Mary's character made itself powerfully felt in these solitary moments. She understood that while these strenuous days were on he could allow

himself no personal aims. But the knowledge that he was approved by a soul so pure and so devout, had both strung up all his powers, and calmed the fevers of battle. He loved his cause the more because it was ever more clear to him that she passionately loved it too. And sensitive and depressed as he often was,—the penalty of the optimist—her faith in him had doubled his faith in himself.

There was a singular pleasure also in the link his love for her had forged between himself and Elsmere—the dead leader of an earlier generation. ‘Latitudinarianism is coming in upon us like a flood!’—cried the ‘Church Times,’ wringing its hands. In other words, thought Meynell, ‘a New Learning is at last penetrating the minds and consciences of men; in the Church, no less than out of it.’ And Elsmere had been one of its martyrs. Meynell thought with emotion of the emaciated form he had last seen in the thronged hall of the New Brotherhood. ‘Our venture is possible—because *you* suffered,’—he would say to himself, addressing not so much Elsmere, as Elsmere’s generation, remembering its struggles, its thwarted hopes, and starved lives.

And Elsmere’s wife?—that rigid, pathetic figure, who, before he knew her in the flesh, had been to him, through the reports of many friends, a kind of legendary presence, the embodiment of the Old Faith. Meynell only knew that as far as he was concerned, something had happened—something which he could not define. She was no longer his enemy; and he blessed her humbly in his heart. He thought also, with a curious thankfulness, of her strong and immovable convictions. Each thinking mind, as it were, carries within it its own Pageant of the Universe, and lights the show with its own passion. Not to quench the existing light in any human breast—but to kindle and quicken where no light is; to bring for ever new lamp-bearers into the Lampadaphoria of life, and marshal them there in their places, on equal terms with the old, neither excluded, nor excluding; this, surely this was the ideal of Modernism.

Elsmere’s widow might never admit his own claim to equal rights within the Christian society. What matter! It seemed to him that in some mysterious way she had now recognised the spiritual necessity laid upon him to fight for that claim; had admitted him, so to speak, to the rights of a belligerent. And that had made all the difference.

He did not know how it had happened. But he was strangely certain that it had happened.

But soon the short interval of rest and dream he had allowed himself was over. He turned to his writing-table.

What a medley of letters! Here was one from a clergyman in the Midlands:

'We introduced the new liturgy last Sunday, and I cannot describe the emotion, the stirring of all the dead-bones it has brought about. There has been of course a secession; but the church at Patten End amply provides for the seceders, and among our own people one seems to realise at last something of what the simplicity and sincerity of the first Christian feeling must have been! No "allowances" to make for scandalous mis-translations and misquotations—no foolish legends, or unedifying tales of barbarous people,—no cursing psalms—no old Semitic nonsense about God resting on the seventh day, delivered in the solemn sing-song which seems to make it not only nonsense but hypocrisy. . . .

'I have held both a marriage and a funeral this week under the new service-book. I think that all persons accustomed to think of what they are saying felt the strangest delight and relief in the disappearance of the old marriage service. It was like the dropping of a weight to which our shoulders had become so accustomed that we hardly realised it till it was gone. Instead of pompous and futile absurdity—as in the existing exhortation, and homily—beautiful and dignified quotation from the unused treasures of the Bible. Instead of the brutal speech, the crudely physical outlook of an earlier day, the just reticence, and nobler perceptions of our own, combined with perfectly plain and tender statement as to the founding of the home and the family. Instead of besmirching bits of primitive and ugly legend like the solemn introduction of Adam's rib into the prayers, a few new prayers of great beauty—some day you must tell me who wrote them, for I suppose you know?—(and by the way why should we not write as good prayers, to-day, as in any age of the Christian Church?) Instead of the old "obey," for the woman, which has had such a definitely debasing effect, as I believe, on the position of women, especially in the working classes—a formula, only slightly altered, but the same for the man and the woman. . . .

'In short, a seemly, and beautiful, and moving thing, instead of a ceremony which in spite of its few fine, even majestic elements, had become an offence and a scandal. All the fine elements have been kept, and only the scandal amended. Why was it not done long ago?

'Then as to the Burial Service. The Corinthian chapter stripped of its arguments which are dead, and confined to its cries of poetry and faith which are immortal, made a new and thrilling impression. I confess I thought I should have broken my heart over the omission of "I know that my Redeemer liveth"—and yet now that it is gone, there is a sense of moral exhilaration in having let it go! One knew all the time that whoever wrote the poem of Job, neither said what he was made to say in the famous passage, nor meant what he was supposed to mean. One was perfectly aware, from one's Oxford days, as the choir chanted the great words, that they were a flagrant mistranslation of a corrupt and probably interpolated passage. And yet the glory of Handel's music, the glamour of association, overcame one. But now that it is cut ruthlessly away from those moments in life when man can least afford any make-believe with himself or his fellows—now that music alone declaims and fathers it—there is the strangest relief! One feels, as I have said, the joy that comes from something difficult and righteous *done*—in spite of everything!

'I could go on for hours telling you these very simple and obvious things which must be so familiar to you. To me the amazement of this movement is that it has taken so long to come. We have groaned under the oppression of what we have now thrown off, so long and so hopelessly; the Revision that the High Churchmen made such a bother about a few years ago came to so little; that now, to see this thing spreading like a great spring-tide over the face of England is marvellous indeed! And when one knows what it means—no mere liturgical change, no mere lopping off here and changing there, but a transformation of the root ideas of Christianity; a transference of its whole proof and evidence from the outward to the inward field, and therewith the uprush of a certainty and joy unknown to our modern life; one can but bow one's head, as those that hear mysterious voices on the wind.

'For so into the temple of man's spirit, age by age, comes the renewing Master of man's life—and makes His

tabernacle with man. "Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up ye everlasting doors, And the King of Glory shall come in." "

Meynell bowed his head upon his hands. The pulse of hope and passion in the letter was almost overpowering. It came, he knew, from an elderly man, broken by many troubles, and tormented by arthritis, yet a true saint, and at times a great preacher.

The next letter he opened came from a priest in the diocese of Aix. . . . 'The effect of the various Encyclicals and of the ill-advised attempt to make both clergy and laity sign the Modernist decrees has had a prodigious effect all over France,—precisely in the opposite sense to that desired by Pius X. The spread of the movement is really amazing. Fifteen years ago I remember hearing a French critic say—Edmond Scherer, I think, the successor of Sainte-Beuve—"The Catholics have not a single intellectual of any eminence—and it is a misfortune for us, the liberals. We have nothing to fight—we seem to be beating the air."

'Scherer could not have said this to-day. There are Catholics everywhere—in the University, the Ecole Normale, the front ranks of literature. But, with few exceptions, *they are all Modernist*; they have thrown overboard the whole *fatras* of legend and tradition. Christianity has become to them a symbolical and spiritual religion; not only personally important and efficacious, but of enormous significance from the national point of view. But as you know, *we* do not at present aspire to outward or ceremonial changes. We are quite content to leaven the meal from within; to uphold the absolute right and necessity of the two languages in Christianity—the popular and the scientific, the mythological and the mystical. If the Pope could have his way, Catholicism would soon be at an end—except as a peasant-cult—in the Latin countries. But, thank God, he will not have his way. One hears of a Modernist freemasonry among the Italian clergy—of a secret Press—an enthusiasm, like that of the Carbonari in the forties. So the spirit of the Most High blows among the dead clods of the world—and, in a moment, the harvest is there!'

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Meynell let the paper drop. He began to write, and he wrote without stopping, with great ease and inspiration, for nearly

two hours. Then as midnight struck he put down his pen, and gazed into the dying fire. He felt as Wordsworth's skater felt on Esthwaite, when, at a sudden pause, the mountains and cliffs seemed to whirl past him in a vast headlong procession. So it was in Meynell's mind with thoughts and ideas. Gradually they calmed and slackened, till at last they passed into an abstraction and ecstasy of prayer.

When he rose, the night had grown very cold. He hurriedly put his papers in order, before going to bed, and, as he did so, he perceived two unopened letters, which had been overlooked.

One was from Hugh Flaxman, communicating the news of the loss of two valuable gold coins from the collection exhibited at the party. 'We are all in tribulation. I wonder whether you can remember seeing them when you were talking there with Norhäm? One was a gold stater of Velia with a head of Athene' . . .

The other letter was addressed in Henry Barron's handwriting. Meynell looked at it in some surprise as he opened it, for there had been no communication between him and the White House for a long time.

'I should be glad if you could make it convenient to see me to-morrow morning. I wish to speak with you on a personal matter of some importance—of which I do not think you should remain in ignorance. Will it suit you if I come at eleven?'

Meynell stood motionless. But the mind reacted in a flash. He thought—

'Now I shall know what she told him in those two hours!'

(To be continued.)

*BLINDS DOWN:**A CHRONICLE OF CHARMINSTER.¹*

BY HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL.

CHAPTER I.

THE HONOURABLE MISSES MAULEVERER.

ROSETTA was addressing her two sisters. The elder ladies sat rigidly upright in the chairs used by them alone. Rosetta had perched herself upon the arm of an easy-chair, the only easy-chair in that prim room, a very large comfortable chair sacredly preserved because the father of the three sisters had sat in it and died in it. Rosetta, however, knew nothing of this grimly particular fact. She supposed that her father, whom she could hardly remember, had passed away—Prudence's word—in the immense four-poster upstairs.

'I dreamed,' said Rosetta, in a clear musical voice, 'that I went to Windsor Castle to see the Queen.'

Miss Mauleverer nodded solemnly, with a side glance at a large framed photograph of Her Gracious Majesty which stood upon a writing-table.

'Very interesting,' she said approvingly.

Rosetta laughed, and the faintest of frowns seemed to flicker across her eldest sister's smooth forehead. Jacqueline saw it, and murmured protestingly: 'Why do you laugh, child? The day will come, I hope, when you will be properly presented; and that is no laughing matter, is it, sister?'

'I was so terrified that I tripped over my train,' replied Miss Mauleverer.

'In my dream,' continued Rosetta, 'I had no train to tri over. I walked in as if I were calling upon Mrs. Pogany, and a equally sure of a hearty welcome. The Prince of Wales and the rest of the Royal Family were there—quite a cosy party. I felt absolutely at home. I recognised them all.'

She paused, glancing round the room at the collection of

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Royal photographs, each adequately framed according to the table of precedence. The frame that encompassed the Heir Apparent had cost three shillings and fourpence more than the one which held the Duke of Connaught.

'A delightful dream,' murmured Jacqueline. 'I have been told,' she added, in the reverential tone which she used when repeating certain clauses of the Litany, 'that in the intimacy of the Royal circle there is an agreeable freedom from formality and restraint. Did Her Majesty speak to you, dear?'

'She said, "Hullo, Rosetta, I'm so glad to see you." And then she kissed me very affectionately.'

'Dear me!'

'And then'—Rosetta gurgled with laughter—'I made an appalling discovery: I hadn't a rag on.'

The sisters exchanged horrified glances. The elder said 'Rosetta!'

'But I hadn't. And this is the extraordinary thing—I was naked but unashamed. It makes one blush now——'

'I should hope so,' interrupted Jacqueline. 'You have not told this dream to anybody else?'

'Not yet. I'm sure it would make Doctor Pogany laugh.'

'You are fifteen,' observed her eldest sister, with a note of austerity, 'and still singularly young for your years. I must repeat what I told you only last Friday, that there are certain things which gentlewomen do not mention.' She paused, and added with a delicate blush: 'Nudity, child, is one of them.'

Rosetta pouted.

'We come naked into the world and——'

'That will do.' Miss Mauleverer held up a restraining hand, and Rosetta skipped through the window which opened upon the lawn. The sisters heard her gay laugh outside. Miss Mauleverer rose with dignity and closed the window. Jacqueline, guessing what was coming, laid down her tambour-frame. Prudence coughed; then she said with finality:

'The dear child is extraordinarily unlike—us.'

Jacqueline had occasional inspired moments.

'That,' she observed tenderly, 'is the reason why we love her so much.'

The Honourable Misses Mauleverer were the daughters of the seventeenth Lord Mauleverer, who horrified his county by

marrying late in life a young person whose means were as slender as her waist, and whose position and birth entitled her to what she was able to earn as a nurse—about a pound a week. Sweetly dimpled, with a milkmaid's colouring, and very intelligent, she nursed Lord Mauleverer through a long and tedious illness, exhibiting exemplary patience and good temper. The man of fifty fell in love with his nurse, and, seemingly, she fell in love with him. She died a year after her marriage in giving birth to Rosetta, and, in and about Charminster, church-goers affirmed solemnly that this premature decease must be regarded as a 'judgment.'

From the moment when their father had announced his approaching marriage, the Misses Mauleverer had accepted the situation. They looked upon it with eyes half-veiled by heavy lids. Very rarely were those lids raised. One had the conviction that the ladies dared not stare at either people or things for fear of seeing too much. Each possessed—so far as it went—remarkably clear vision. For instance, they knew that their stepmother had no taint—as many hinted—of the adventuress. She could behave, and did behave, like a gentlewoman, being by nature truthful, sincere, kind, and modest. Upon these shining qualities the Misses Mauleverer fixed their eyes. They chose to ignore the fact that their stepmother was the daughter of a Radical Nonconformist tradesman, who had passed through the Bankruptcy Court and thence into the Highgate Cemetery. Nevertheless, between themselves, they alluded to their father's second wife as 'that woman.'

At the time of his second marriage, in the late fifties, Lord Mauleverer had let Mauleverer Court and removed to the old Georgian Dower House in Charminster, in which he died, when Rosetta was four years old. He had always been a poor man, and at his death the family estates passed with the title to a second cousin, always spoken of by the Misses Mauleverer as 'the Head of our Family.' The ladies owned the Dower House and a modest income of eight hundred pounds a year.

Prudence considered her sister's remark.

'That is quite true,' she said presently. 'I confess it had not occurred to me. Yes, there is a charm about unexpectedness.'

They smiled bleakly at each other, in terror of wagging too loose a tongue, hugging a silence dear because it had been preserved so immaculate. Both ladies had inherited the

pale soft blue eyes of the Mauleverers. At the Court, generations of Mauleverers, men and women, painted by Van Dyke, by Lely, Reynolds, and Gainsborough, looked down upon the visitor with this same placid but sympathetic glance. Rosetta, however, displayed full brown orbs, sparkling with flames of interrogation, opening them wide to this astonishing world. If her sisters conveyed the impression that they deliberately chose to see less than half of what might come within their vision, Rosetta as deliberately impressed the beholder as passionately eager to see everything within the field of normal vision and also what lay beyond. It was certain that sooner or later she would clamour for a telescope. Her sisters confessed, almost shamelessly, that they could see nothing through telescopes, absolutely nothing.

As Jacqueline picked up her tambour-frame, Miss Mauleverer added a few qualifying words to her previous statement :

‘Although the child is a creature of surprises, I feel sure of her innate goodness of heart. She may do much that is unexpected, never anything really wrong.’

‘Never, sister.’

‘I have thought sometimes,’ continued Prudence, dropping her voice, ‘that if I had married I should have wanted a child just like Rosetta.’

‘I have thought that, too,’ admitted Jacqueline.

They blushed very delicately, gazing at the roses upon the carpet, sensible, perhaps, that the roses of this world had not bloomed for them. The men of their own class had neglected the rather dull daughters of an impecunious peer. Other men, and there had been others, were stamped at first gaze as—impossible ! Doctor Pogany, for example. As a young man he had dared to lift his eyes to Jacqueline—! He was now their medical attendant, and the father of nine little Poganies—a round, rosy, most respectable practitioner. It seemed incredible to think that he had dared. And yet the wonderful fact invested him still with a glamour of romance. Jacqueline would never forget that she had stirred the pulses of one man. Prudence, also, had stirred pulses. Jacqueline remembered two enamoured curates. One was dead, and the other a bishop—only a colonial bishop, to be sure, but entitled to wear gaiters.

The room in which the sisters sat overlooked the garden. Beyond the garden was a paddock which sloped prettily to the river Char. Beyond the river again were other fields of a park-like character, so that it was possible to forget the town alto-

gether, and to believe fondly that their nice old house formed the centre of a large domain exclusively Mauleverer. Upon the other side, unhappily, the house faced a somewhat mean street, known as Hog Lane. Indeed, the Charminster townspeople of the better sort had, so it seemed, respectfully withdrawn from the representatives of the most ancient family in the county. The more desirable residences, as the Mayor (who was also a Real Estate Agent and Surveyor) put it, lay to the west of the town upon the higher ground, and Hog Lane, a name that never passed the lips of Prudence, had been abandoned to the lace makers and the factory hands in the glove factories. Because of this, and partly perhaps on account of the sun—for the street side of their house faced due south—the Misses Mauleverer insisted that the blinds should be kept down. Nevertheless, sounds penetrated, the shrill scream of a woman or child, the deeper tones of an intoxicated male probably cursing, and in joyous contrast the never-ceasing laughter of the very poor—surely the strangest and most pathetic music in the world.

For many years the elder sisters had conspired together—an almost wordless conspiracy—with the laudable object of shutting out from the vision of Rosetta this seamy side to their house and life. Rarely indeed was Rosetta allowed to pass through Hog Lane. A delightful path, fragrant with meadowsweet and honeysuckle, wandered along the river Char till it met the high road where little could offend a too sensitive nostril. Upon each side of the pretty garden were walls bristling with glass, but cunningly concealed by masses of trees and shrubbery. Upon rare occasions a fine carriage drawn by spanking horses might roll up to the front door, and a thundering knock from the hand of a vigorous footman would proclaim the advent of some kinswoman who deemed it a duty to pay a ceremonious call once a year. Such visits were not returned. The Misses Mauleverer remained at home, although they spent one month out of each twelve at the seaside for the sake of the child.

As the ladies gazed at each other in sympathetic silence, the door opened and Crump, the parlourmaid, entered. She was tall, thin, and austere, with a slight cast in the left eye, which conveyed the impression to humorists like Dr. Pogany that she was always attempting to see round the corner, and to take in, so to speak, things and people deliberately ignored by the ladies she served so faithfully. She looked exactly what she was—the family retainer, now almost extinct. I am writing of a day when

people verified themselves in their clothes. A housemaid, for instance, taking her afternoon 'out,' was not ashamed to look like a housemaid, while a *mondaine* like Lady Mauleverer, whom we shall meet presently, displayed no ambition to be mistaken for a *demi-mondaine*. Women of all classes, in brief, were content to remain statements rather than suggestions.

Crump spoke rather breathlessly, and her face was redder than usual. She had a terrible announcement to make—a blow to inflict—and being a good creature tried to soften it.

'We're almost out of candles,' she began, but ended gaspingly, 'and Anne has run away.'

'Run away?' ejaculated Prudence. 'What do you mean?'

But as she spoke her eyes wandered to the window. Crump, following this pregnant glance, said hastily:

'Miss Rosetta is at the other end of the garden.' She continued with less agitation and more asperity: 'Anne left a note for me. Here it is.'

Upon a half-sheet of cheap notepaper, badly written in pencil, were these words, which Prudence read aloud—

'I'm off. I can't stand it no longer, and you know why. Things may be alright yet, so don't look in the Char for

'Yours truly,

'EVANGELINE.'

When she pronounced the missing housemaid's name Prudence frowned. All things were possible to a servant with such a name. From the first, however, she had been called Anne. Then her features softened. Anne had been ill in bed for two days, and quite evidently pain had driven her distracted. Still, Prudence was hardly able to reconcile this hypothesis with the grim expression upon Crump's face.

'Does she mean that the pain is too severe?'

'She knew that you'd sent for Dr. Pogany.'

The sisters stared at each other, puzzled and slightly apprehensive. Jacqueline said nervously: 'Why should that upset her?'

Crump opened her lips and closed them. Prudence repeated the question in a different form: 'Do you mean that Anne has run away because she is afraid of Dr. Pogany?'

'Looks like it,' snapped Crump, standing rigidly at attention,

with her thin red hands crossed upon her spotless apron. After a pause, Prudence continued nervously :

' Please tell us why you think that Anne should be afraid of seeing Dr. Pogany ? '

Crump moved restlessly, evading the mild glance of her mistress. Then, crimson with indignation, she replied :

' Anne's got into trouble. She never told me, but I guessed it.'

' Oh ! '

The soft exclamation was compounded of consternation and pity and shame. The ladies' cheeks were pink, their delicate fingers trembled, their eyes, beneath drooping lids, fixed themselves upon the roses of the carpet.

' Poor thing ! ' murmured Miss Jacqueline, whereat Crump frowned, conscious of a blameless past. And then, to the distress of all three, Rosetta ran into the room. Her quick eyes swooped upon mystery.

' What has happened ? ' she demanded.

In obedience to a wave of Prudence's hand, Crump left the room.

' How funny you all look ! ' said Rosetta. ' Has Crump just given notice ? '

' Sit down, child, ' commanded Prudence.

As Rosetta did so, the elder sisters exchanged glances and nods. Each lady knew her own and the other's mind. Each was sensible that whatever the other might do or say would be said and done for the good of the child, who was not unreasonably curious and frighteningly intelligent considering her tender years. Prudence said sharply :

' Anne has left this house suddenly, and she will not return to it.'

' But Anne is in bed. I saw her after breakfast.'

' She has left the house.'

' But—why ? '

Rosetta asked the question gravely, and for the first time, perhaps, the sisters beheld her as a woman. It flashed into Prudence's mind that here was an opportunity of speaking frankly of things which every woman must know about sooner or later. The truth need not be revealed in its horrid crudity ; it would suffice to present it decently garbed, with an allusion to the Fall, and Original Sin. Phrases were forming themselves in Prudence's mind, when she heard Rosetta's innocent voice :

'I am so fond of Anne. She looked so pretty this morning. I kissed her. And she kissed me, and burst into tears; but when I asked her why she cried, she refused to tell me. Of course, she must be in love.'

Miss Jacqueline patted her hand in silence, grateful that the task of explanation fell by right to her sister. Prudence said nervously:

'You are not altogether mistaken, Rosetta. And you are old enough to know that love, as you call it, does make some women do very odd things.' She spoke slowly and distinctly, picking her way as she went, and blinking at Rosetta because she was unable to meet a singularly clear and candid gaze. She continued: 'At your age, naturally enough, you don't know what love is.'

'But I do,' said Rosetta. 'I mean,' she added with a laugh, 'I know well enough that love, passionate love'—Miss Mauleverer winced—'may drive girls mad. Ophelia, for instance. And I suppose that Hamlet could inspire that sort of madness; but somehow I don't find it as easy to believe that Bert Rockley would have the same effect on Anne.'

'Bert Rockley?'

'Anne's young man.'

'You knew that Anne had a young man?'

'Why, of course. She told me all about him. I know everything.'

Jacqueline grew pale.

'Everything!' she murmured. 'Heavens!'

'Why do you say "Heavens?" I've never been in love myself, not properly, but I imagine that the first thing is to have a sympathetic soul to talk things over with. Anne couldn't talk to you two darlings, now could she?'

As the sisters made no reply Rosetta continued eagerly:

'And you couldn't call poor old Crump a sympathetic soul? And cook is quite impossible, except as a cook. So you see there was nobody but me.'

'What did Anne tell you?'

'She told me that she loved Bert and that he loved her, and that he would lose his job if he married her. Bert is not beautiful, and, as I say, I can't understand poor dear Anne going mad about him; for, if she can't marry him, she must be quite cracked to leave us. But lately she has been rather funny with

me—not herself at all. Do you mean to say that she's left without giving notice?'

'Yes.'

'And forfeited her wages?'

'Probably.'

'She must be mad.'

'You are right, child; that is the most charitable interpretation to place upon her conduct.'

'Her misconduct,' amended Jacqueline.

Prudence took the hint as delicately as her Persian cat would have taken a morsel of fish from her hand.

'Yes, misconduct. You must understand, Rosetta, that Anne has behaved with—with—'

'No consideration,' suggested Jacqueline.

'Thank you, sister— With no consideration whatever either for us or for herself. We cannot condone what she has done.'

'But—if I talked to her?'

'Certainly not. We forbid that. I shall see her myself, and I shall ask the Vicar to speak to the young man. Dismiss Anne from your mind, child.'

'But I can't. Poor Anne! She has such nice eyes—so appealing. I am very sorry for her—aren't you?'

The sisters made no reply. And their silence sent the blood rushing into Rosetta's dimpled cheeks, and into her pretty eyes flashed tiny flames of indignation. Comparing the child with her half-sisters, so austere placid, it was hard to believe that their too sluggish blood moved so swiftly in her veins.

'You must promise us, child, that you will not go to Anne.'

Rosetta tossed her head.

'If I must, I must.'

She gave a defiant little laugh, and then, with tears in her eyes, ran from the room. Prudence murmured distressfully:

'To think, Jacqueline, that she should have kissed that abandoned creature!'

CHAPTER II.

SEPTIMUS INTRODUCES HIMSELF.

ROSETTA learned later that Anne, who had behaved with such a shameless lack of consideration, had married her Bert and gone with him to Canada. The incident, therefore, was regarded as

closed. Nevertheless, it remained in her memory as a faint blur upon her vision of the two persons whom she regarded as the best and kindest in the world. She told herself at the time that she could not understand her sisters, and beheld them during a few horrid hours as unjust and uncharitable. Long years afterwards, she was able to look back and realise that this was the first of other misunderstandings and perplexities, the beginning of an inevitable end.

During the summer, moreover, she dimly apprehended the existence of what appeared to her young mind to be a comical conspiracy on the part of neighbours and friends to preserve, so to speak, the Misses Mauleverer from everything and everybody likely to offend their delicate susceptibilities. The sisters had many neighbours, but few friends. Dr. Pogany and the Vicar were amongst the latter, although Mrs. Pogany, the daughter of the Charminster banker, remained a mere acquaintance. The Vicar's wife, Mrs. Lovibond, was, in point of fact, the only lady in Charminster upon terms of real intimacy with Lord Mauleverer's daughters, being indeed remotely of kin to them, and distinguished by an aquiline nose rightly considered to be as good as a patent of nobility.

Rosetta adored Mrs. Lovibond, and ran in and out of the Vicarage at her pleasure. From Mrs. Lovibond she learned of the comical conspiracy.

'You know, Rosetta,' the Vicar's wife had said, 'that your dear sisters are the most wonderful people.'

'But why?'

Mrs. Lovibond laughed and tapped the girl's cheek. Then, with a not unhappy inspiration, she pointed to a cabinet which held under lock and key some beautiful cups and saucers of early Worcester, the only articles of real value in the shabby Vicarage. Rosetta, long before this talk, had been taught to admire the dainty decoration, the delicate gilding, the indescribable charm and grace of these fine specimens. In the same cabinet was a plate from the same factory, but potted and decorated at a much later period. Mrs. Lovibond, who could preach a better sermon than her husband, liked to contrast the refinement of the old with the too lavish gaudiness of the new, which she stigmatised as 'flashy.' And she would generally add with a sigh: 'They can't reproduce the old paste, or the melting glaze, or the mellow tone.'

'Look at my china,' she said to Rosetta.

'I love to look at it.'

'It was made to be looked at. If you examine the gilding at the bottom of the cups you will see that they have not been used. My great-grandmother, to whom they were given, never used them. They have always been kept under lock and key. Well, my dear, your sisters are like my china, and we all know it. We keep them under lock and key. Charminster is immensely proud of them, but it admires at a respectful distance.'

'I see.'

'I wonder whether you do see. It's not easy to make young people see the beauty of a fine paste. The eye must be trained, and the sure touch, also, is a matter of training. But don't you *feel* that your sisters are quite different from, let us say, you and me?'

'It seems odd that they should be, but I admit they are.'

'Here in Charminster we have always known that they were different, and we have governed ourselves accordingly.'

Rosetta laughed.

'Now I think of it, Dr. Pogany has a very loud voice, because Mrs. Pogany is rather deaf. He shouts at me as if I were deaf too, but he never shouts at my sisters.'

'That's it exactly.'

'Once I overheard him say to Mrs. Pogany that they must be "spared."'

'They have been "spared."'

Rosetta laughed again.

'I don't want to be spared. I'm horridly curious. Even butchers' shops don't disgust me. Prudence loathes passing one. I must confess to you that Hog Lane excites me awfully. I'd like to know the people there, to pop into their lives when they weren't expecting me. When we do visit our neighbours, Crump lets them know we're coming, and things are tidied up.'

'Things have always been tidied up for them. I tidy my own mind when they come here.'

'Is your mind ever untidy?'

'Sometimes.'

'How nice of you to tell me that.'

After this talk, Rosetta, ever quick to take a hint, began in her turn to 'spare' the two fine specimens of English porcelain. She tried to tidy her mind from no motive save the honourable

one of pleasing her kind inspectors. For a season, indeed, the voluble maid became monosyllabic. There was too much 'Yes, Prudence—Please, Prudence—I quite agree——' and so forth. The ladies were delighted. Prudence said to Jacqueline: 'The dear child is remarkably amenable; I note an improvement in manner and tone. She was getting—hoysenish!' And Jacqueline would murmur in reply: 'Yes, sister, there is nothing of that woman in her.'

'There is not much,' amended Prudence.

One wonders what would have happened had the ladies been privileged to overhear Rosetta's talks with Septimus Lovibond, now about to take his degree at Cambridge.

Septimus appealed to Rosetta because he represented excitement and revolt, the tempest in her teapot. Also he was odd to look at, markedly different from the other young men of her acquaintance. He despised what was known in those days as 'the crutch-and-toothpick brigade,' speaking of them scathingly to Rosetta as the 'la-di-da lot!' He had shocked the Tories of Charminster, and in particular his own father, by professing himself a Radical. The Misses Mauleverer were 'spared' this dreadful knowledge. To Rosetta alone Septimus let himself go—an irresistible form of flattery. Whenever he said, in his somewhat harsh tones, 'Look here, Rosetta, I tell this to you. I wouldn't dare say it to anybody else,' she would thrill with delight and satisfaction, looking up into his strong face with beaming eyes and lips tremulously apart, revealing her small, even teeth.

Add to this the knowledge common to each of a tremendous secret; for when Septimus became head of the Charminster Grammar School he had said to Rosetta, even then his adoring slave: 'How old are you?' She had replied shamefully, 'I'm thirteen,' hastening to add, 'of course I feel years older.' To this, after piercing examination, Septimus replied: 'In seven years' time I shall marry you.' With an absence of maidenly modesty which would have overwhelmed her sisters, Rosetta exclaimed: 'Oh, Septimus, you are a sweet boy!' And he had quenched ardour by remarking in a hollow voice: 'I am a man. Don't gush!'

Their love-making, if you can call it such, was of the most prosaic character. For example, Septimus had never kissed her, and if he wrote to her—a rare event—his letters began 'Rosetta,'

and ended 'Yours faithfully.' But somehow the child divined that he was faithful, and that she belonged to him.

He talked to her alone of his ambitions, which mounted into the highest heaven. He had won a scholarship at Cambridge, the first rung in the ladder. A fellowship might follow, and then journalism. Later on—the House of Commons! A fellow should be able to use his pen mightily. The pen, nowadays, overturned dynasties. Billy Russell had destroyed a Government. And look at Delane! What a power! Omnipotence achieved with a quill! His favourite expression during his first year at Cambridge echoed often in Rosetta's ears:

'I shall smash idols.'

He smashed some of Rosetta's graven images, and filled her mind with ebullient ideas barely draped in rough words. He detested humbug and hypocrisy and snobbishness, exclaiming fiercely: 'Away with that! Throw him' (some curate, perhaps) 'to the lions!'

He declaimed verse that pleased him, and passages from the great orators. Rosetta would listen breathless with excitement; but she remembered not to gush, and had wit enough to conceal admiration with a 'Not half bad, that. You can go it sometimes.'

'I mean to go it.'

By this time Rosetta was seventeen, and the prettiest girl in Charminster. Her portrait in pastel, done by a French artist who wanted money to return to Paris, exhibits a lovely complexion and large velvety brown eyes and hair. Upon the glowing skin, and into the eyes and hair the painter had expressed the joy in living which so distinguished Rosetta from the prim misses of the country town. Romney's best portraits of Emma Hamilton present the same natural gaiety and bloom, an expression almost pagan in its spontaneity. A month after the pastel was hung in the drawing-room the sisters had begun to reckon it a priceless possession, but at first glance Prudence murmured:

'Is the child really like that?'

Jacqueline replied:

'I know what you mean, sister; but she may have looked to the artist like that. He has brought out what *he* sees in her.'

Prudence frowned.

'There is certainly a—wildness.'

'No, no, a natural *abandon*.'

'She is positively beautiful.'

'We have always known that.'

Prudence lowered her voice to a whisper.

'The child's beauty is of a character to appeal to—men!

'We must be careful. *A propos*—'

'Yes?'

'She is very intimate with Septimus Lovibond.'

'Septimus Lovibond. Yes, yes, he is now a young man. It seems only the other day that I gave him half a crown.'

'I remarked at the time—he was then sixteen—that the tip ought to have been ten shillings or nothing.'

'Septimus Lovibond! Rosetta and he have been as brother and sister, still——!'

'She is so attractive.'

'We must be very careful.'

They were, of course, much too careful, as will be conceded when their cautionary remarks to Rosetta are recorded. Prudence had times and seasons for everything. About eleven in the morning, for example, when Jacqueline and she had ordered the house to their satisfaction, Prudence read aloud from some serious work generally of an historical character. Lighter reading was continued after tea, but never earlier in the day. At twelve-thirty precisely, when the serious work was laid aside, there was an intermission of a quarter of an hour, when the questions raised in the morning's reading might be profitably discussed. At a quarter to one the sisters retired to their chambers and prepared for luncheon, the principal meal of the day, but never spoken of as dinner.

At twenty-five minutes to one, Prudence laid upon the round table near her chair Motley's '*Netherlands*,' and said nervously:

'Rosetta.'

'Yes, sister?'

'Septimus Lovibond spent two hours with you in the garden yesterday afternoon.'

'Just one hour and forty-two minutes,' said Rosetta. Immediately she blushed, sensible that this meticulous notice of the exact time was significant. The elder ladies perceived the blush.

'And you are in and out of the Vicarage at all seasons.'

'Of course.'

'There should be no "of course" about it. You are no longer a child, dear, and we must consider the proprieties.'

'But I don't understand. Septimus is our friend and my particular pal.'

'Pal?' What a word to use!'

'Chum, if you prefer it.'

'I do not prefer it. A young woman of seventeen can't be the "chum" of a young man of twenty-two. It's *inconvenable*.'

'I quite agree,' added Jacqueline. 'You should make a chum of some young woman of your own age.'

'Ugh!' said Rosetta.

'Laura Pogany, for instance——'

'Poor Laura is impossible. She can't help being a fool, but do you think that I could make a chum of a girl who calls a napkin a *serviette*?''

'Perhaps not. There are others.'

'Name one,' said Rosetta audaciously.

The sisters stared at each other. Prudence said, with slight asperity: 'There must be a suitable companion of your own sex somewhere in Charminster. Let that pass.'

Rosetta followed up her advantage.

'Have you anything against Septimus?'

'Nothing; a very worthy young man, but he is odd.'

'That's why I like him so much.'

'Dr. Pogany speaks of him as an iconoclast.'

'That's because Septimus has criticised his methods, which are quite out of date.'

'What?'

'Dr. Pogany chooses to ignore the work of the bacteriologists. He can't use a microscope.'

'Do Septimus Lovibond and you pass judgment upon the man who brought you both into this world?'

'Why not?'

'Am I to understand that you have discussed with this young man such subjects as,' her soft voice trembled, 'as—disease?'

'We have talked about bacteriology.'

'I am distressed to hear it. A gentlewoman should never talk of medical matters except with her medical attendant. Does Septimus criticise his father also?'

Rosetta bit her lip. Prudence continued gently:

'I infer from your silence that he does.'

'Septimus is devoted to his father, but he recognises his limitations as a clergyman of the Church of England.'

'Bless me!' ejaculated Jacqueline.

Prudence rose with dignity.

'For the future,' she commanded firmly, 'your intimacy with this young man must be clearly defined and regulated. You will avoid, please, seeing him alone, and without unduly hurting his feelings make him understand that his visits for the future must be of a more ceremonious character.'

She went out, followed by Jacqueline.

Next day, Rosetta told Septimus what had passed. All things considered, he behaved with moderation.

'I'm a nobody; and how can those dears realise that I'm bound to be somebody?'

'It's not that. I was fool enough to let out that we talked about religion and science.'

'How indiscreet!'

'Well, you see, I wanted them to know that we didn't prattle about frivolous things only. Yes, I made a sad mess of it.'

'And you surrendered?'

'I didn't; but they took surrender for granted.'

'And for the future my visits to you are to be ceremonious?'

'I can't see you—ceremonious.'

He answered gravely:

'From their point of view, they are right. What they think, however, doesn't matter. The interesting question is—what are you going to do?'

'I shall revolt.'

A rare smile transfigured his face. Long ago Rosetta had decided that Septimus could never be called handsome according to the standard set by the Apollo Belvidere. His features were roughly hewn and irregular, too massive for the popular taste. But his smile was charming—an inheritance from his mother, and essentially feminine and subtle, inspired rather by sympathy than humour. Rosetta had labelled it 'romantic.'

'I shall revolt,' repeated the girl firmly. 'I mean to see you wherever and whenever I can.'

'Good.' The smile vanished, but lively flames danced in his eyes. 'We'll plot and plan.'

'What fun that will be!'

'It must be done seriously.'

'They have always treated me like a daughter rather than a sister.'

'They love you devotedly, Rosetta.'

'I have been a prisoner, always, always! I have tried hard to hug my chains, but oh! how they have galled me!' She continued impetuously: 'A man cannot understand. Yes, they love me, and I love them. That is the tragic part of it. When I'm away from them I seem to see their love so plainly; with them it fades, worn away by a thousand trifling tyrannies. Perhaps that is too strong a word, but ever since I can remember they have insisted, ever so affectionately, but—but——'

'Inexorably?' he suggested.

'That's it—inexorably, that I should share their opinions and prejudices. They have never realised, poor darlings, that I am not really a Mauleverer. My grandfather was a Nonconformist grocer. I daresay he sanded his sugar, and was up to all the tricks of his trade. My sisters would suffer torture rather than mention his name. But he's part of me. I've had to sand my sugar, often and often. I am the Dishonourable Miss Rosetta. There!'

She laughed derisively, but the tears were trickling down her cheeks. Septimus took her hand.

'You are a darling,' he said, in his deep voice, 'and we must stick together through thick and thin.'

Then, without more ado, he took her into his arms and kissed her hair, her wet eyes, and her lips. When he released her, she was blushing vividly, but she whispered:

'I'm so glad you never kissed me before.'

All this happened during the Long Vacation, and the lovers met often, and with increasing audacity. In the warm summer evenings the sisters slumbered sweetly, and then Rosetta would steal away to the tryst beside the Char, where she might or might not find Septimus. He was reading hard for his degree, and absorbed by work and ambition. Like most men of his type, he took Rosetta's love for granted. That lay behind everything, but, unfortunately, he did not say so. Rosetta, pining for kisses, received very few, and was too proud to ask for more. He stared at her in amazement, when she said shyly:

'You do love me, Septimus?'

'Of course I love you. But words are detestably cheap. I have to earn you. I haven't a bob of my own.'

'I wonder if I have any money.'

'I suppose your father left you something. We ought to look into that. We both know how to scrimp, but I swear I won't marry you till I can give you something more than bread-and-butter. All the same, if you have something of your own, our marriage will take place just so much the sooner. You might pump the sisters.'

'I'll try.'

She made the attempt a few days later, seizing opportunity when Prudence happened to mention ways and means. It was a fetich with the ladies to observe a reticence which they mentally described as 'decent' about money matters. They believed that lucre deserved the adjective 'filthy,' although they would have been at a sad loss to furnish reasons for such a conviction. It happened that the time had come for the annual jaunt to the seaside.

'We can't afford Bognor this August,' Prudence remarked at breakfast, as she measured out three teaspoonfuls of Chinese tea and added one for the pot.

'Why not?' demanded Rosetta.

'You will have to be presented next year. I have written to the Head of our Family about it. Everything is settled.'

'It seems rather a waste of money.'

Prudence replied firmly:

'It's necessary.'

'I'm glad we are not going to Bognor,' said Rosetta. 'It's heavenly here.'

'So it is,' Jacqueline murmured, 'but the lane is smelly.'

'Are we very poor, sister?' asked Rosetta.

Prudence hesitated before she replied austere-ly:

'We have enough for our needs.'

Then Rosetta shut her eyes and plunged:

'Have I anything of my own?'

Her sisters stared at crimson cheeks. Jacqueline gasped. Prudence, in the act of conveying a morsel of bacon to her mouth, laid down her knife and fork. She was about to evade the question, but her sense of justice asserted itself. Nevertheless, she answered coldly:

'You have nothing.'

'Oh!'

'I had better tell you the facts, although I am of opinion that you are hardly old enough to hear them, or to understand.' She paused to select the right phrase, while Jacqueline crumbled her bread with long, nervous fingers.

'Our father left a certain sum to Jacqueline and me, and upon the income of this we live. I make no doubt, and Jacqueline agrees with me'—she glanced at Jacqueline, who nodded—'that our father would have provided for you had he been able to do so. Our money does not come from him directly, but through him from our mother; and it was so settled in our mother's marriage settlement. Unhappily, your mother had no settlement.' Then, in a kind voice, she went on: 'Our father knew that we should provide for you, and one day you will have what is ours. You must not blame our father. He was sorely crippled financially.'

Rosetta said hurriedly: 'Of course I don't blame him; but I hate the idea of wasting your money upon a Court dress and all that.'

'It may not be wasted.'

As Rosetta lifted a pair of innocent puzzled eyes, Prudence said slowly: 'We hope that you will be able to pass a season in London.'

'A season in London! But I have no clothes.'

'They will be provided.'

Then light burst effulgently upon Rosetta. She saw everything in a dazzling moment of revelation. Her sisters had pinched for this; they remained in Charminster, when Hog Lane smelled horribly, for this.

Suddenly she remembered a valuable miniature which had mysteriously vanished. She asked excitedly:

'Oh, Prudence, did you sell the Samuel Cooper miniature on my account?'

Prudence answered stiffly:

'Yes.'

Jacqueline added tremulously: 'I always disliked that ugly old man in armour.'

'It was the pride of your collection,' said Rosetta. She jumped up, ran round the table, and flung her arms about the neck of Prudence.

'I owe everything to you,' she exclaimed. 'How good you have both been! And I've been so ungrateful.'

Prudence gently disengaged the clinging arms. Faintly smiling, she said :

'Child, what a creature of impulse you are!' As she perceived that Rosetta was crying, she added hastily : 'What—tears! Come, come, we must really practise more self-restraint. Your bacon will be stone cold.'

'We have never had better bacon,' said Jacqueline, whose own eyes were not entirely free from moisture. Loyally backing up her sister, she concluded : 'We wanted to keep these surprises from you.'

'I've been a beast,' sobbed poor Rosetta. She kissed Jacqueline, disarranging a dainty coiffure, and fled from the room. The sisters shook their heads.

'No restraint, Jacqueline.'

'None whatever, sister.'

They sighed, as once more they attacked the excellent bacon.

During the next two days Rosetta kept no tryst with Septimus, thereby inflaming his mind to wrath. However, they met ceremoniously upon the Vicarage lawn, and under cover of much prattle Rosetta laid bare a sensitive conscience.

'I feel that I ought to tell them everything.'

'That's for you to decide.'

'You look so cross.'

'I am cross. Do you think Peter jumped for joy when he was robbed to pay Paul? You were pledged to meet me. I have injured my tendon Achilles, kicking my heels for hours waiting for you. I've been unable to work. Perhaps I was a fool to think that I came first.'

'You do come first,' she whispered. 'Oh, how unhappy I am!'

He melted slightly, but not enough.

'All the king's horses and all the king's men couldn't keep me from you, Rosetta.'

'I have not the heart to deceive the sisters.'

'I won't urge you to do anything against your conscience. My own is clear. I've conquered what I regard as sentimental and inherited prejudice. To the Tiber, say I, with those who would keep apart true lovers.'

Rosetta smiled faintly.

'You are terrible, Septimus. Fancy throwing those two

darlings into the Char! You'd be the first to jump in after them.'

'Those two darlings,' said Septimus, with grim derision, 'would hurl me into the bottomless pit if they knew that I had balked the dearest wish of their hearts.'

'What's that?'

'You have just told me. A season in Mayfair means a grand marriage. You are to be hawked about in the best style. They have cut down everything except their charities for this particular purpose.'

'You make me more miserable than ever.'

'We must face our experiences, good and bad, and pass through them and beyond them to something else. Otherwise we perish like beasts of the field. To neglect the present opportunity of seeing each other as often as possible would be, in my opinion, idiotic.'

'How well you talk, Septimus!'

Septimus smiled modestly. At twenty-two ardent undergraduates, not wholly devoted to the river and playing-fields, are nice in their choice of the right phrase. He continued fluently:

'You have been "cribbed, cabined, and confined." Down with your barriers, say I!'

'But I owe my sisters so much; and what can I give in return but obedience?'

'That is the girlish sentimental point of view. You are really very intelligent and sensible, but your common-sense is at war with inherited, incoherent instincts and prejudices. These instincts cannot be ignored, but they should be fused—that's the word—with a practical and vivid philosophy of life. I want you to see things as they are. Face the naked truth bravely. I have neither birth, nor position, nor means, and the quality of my brains is known only to myself, my mother, and half a dozen dons at Cambridge. You—he dropped his voice—'are a peer's daughter, and a match for anybody.'

'You think my sisters snobs.'

'Not I. There's no snobbery in wishing a pretty sister to make a good marriage. A poor marriage may be a very mean thing. You ought to make a fine match.'

'I shall, if I marry you.'

'You sweet thing! If you believe that, all is well. It justifies our plotting and planning.'

At this interesting point the duologue was broken by Mrs. Lovibond, who was arranging a set of tennis. Rosetta never played tennis, because the sisters were of opinion that games for young gentlewomen led to the forming of undesirable acquaintance. Septimus was led off by his mother, who returned presently, and said gaily:

'Now for a little chat with you.'

Rosetta smiled, but evaded a penetrating glance.

'Septimus and you are great friends.'

'Oh, yes.'

'What do you talk about?'

Rosetta laughed, and consigned to perdition her blushing cheeks. She managed to reply with assumed sprightliness:

'I always insist that Septimus should talk about what interests him most.'

'Clever child.'

'He is wonderfully eloquent upon his favourite subject.'

'Pray, what is that?'

'Himself.'

'You little wretch! Do you take him at his own valuation?'

'Of course.'

'Septimus may go far, if——'

'Yes.'

'If he gives undivided energies to himself. Fortunately, he is not susceptible. The wrong sort of marriage would be his ruin.'

'Wouldn't it be anybody's?'

'It would ruin him in particular, because he is really very unselfish, and, if he married, his first thought would be for his wife.'

'He might marry a wife with money?'

'That is extremely unlikely. In any case, his father and I hope that he will woo Fortune first. He is so ambitious that failure would destroy him. Dear me! there is Dr. Pogany. I must offer him a cup of tea.'

She left Rosetta feeling very uncomfortable.

(To be continued.)



AT THE SIGN OF THE PLOUGH.

WITH this number of the Magazine is given the seventh of a series of 'Examination Papers' on the works of famous authors, being Sir Algernon West's questions on W. M. Thackeray. For the best set of answers to this Paper the Editor offers a prize of Two Guineas. The name of the Prizewinner will be announced in the August number of the Magazine, together with the correct answers to the questions.

PAPER VI.

On the Works of R. L. Stevenson.

By SIR ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH.

1. Name two Continental towns having Commissaires, of whom one was bribed with an odd volume of Michelet, and the other swore in a fashion to raise a singular doubt in a maiden lady. *Answer* : Châtillon-sur-Loire. Castel-le-Gâchis. ('Epil. to Inland Voyage.' 'Providence and Guitar.')
2. Distinguish by name the public-house praised by Mr. W. Bones as 'a pleasant sittuated grog-shop' from that in which Colour-Sergeant Brand introduced his new friend to a number of ingenious mixtures calculated to prevent the approaches of intoxication : and say in whose keeping the bottle went out of the story. *Answer* : 'Admiral Benbow.' 'Blue Lion.' The Boatswain. ('Treasure Island.' 'Wrong Box.' 'Bottle Imp.')
3. How, failing evidence of naughtiness, would you account for a child's being uncleanly, untidy, and but moderately nourished? *Answer* : 'His dear Papa is poor.' ('Child's Garden of Verse.')
4. (a) 'Stay,' she screamed. 'I will put them on.' Who was she and what were they? (b) 'Lie here,' says he, 'and birstle.' Who gave this advice, to whom? (c) 'I'll take the chaise for a hundred pound down, and throw the dinner in.' Who made this idiomatic offer? *Answer* : (a) Anastasie Desprez. Her husband's pantaloons. ('Treasure of Franchard.') (b) Alan Breck Stewart to David Balfour. ('Kidnapped.') (c) The inn-keeper of Kirkby Lonsdale. ('St. Ives.')
5. Give alternative pronunciations of Athenæum, Goethe, Don Quixote; and the masonic word of donkey-drivers. *Answer* : Athaeneum. Go-eath. Don Quickshot. 'Proot.' ('Wrong Box.' 'Wrecker.' 'Weir of Hermiton.' 'Travels with a Donkey.')
6. Who is a good man to marry for love, and how do his absences keep it? *Answer* : A ship captain. 'Bright and delicate.' ('Virginibus Puerisque.')
7. State in terms of familiar appellation what (a) was played by a young gentleman with a stake in the country; and what (b) was stood by a vanman for three sovereigns. Combine the latter with the name of a ship's mate who might not be a sailor but could dance, and produce (c) a famous English man of letters. *Answer* : Billy. Sam. Sam Johnson. ('Wrong Box.' 'The Wrecker.')

8. In the search for what, and out of what interval of time, was a ruminant animal evolved? Name the animal. *Answer*: Hectagonal. Hebdomadary. Dromedary. ('The Wrecker.')
 9. You are given two musical instruments. A linked capacity of jimmy on the one would on the other translate itself into a perfect flight of warblers. Name the instruments and find a common term for jimmy and warblers. *Answer*: Penny Whistle. Bagpipes. Grace-notes. ('Wrong Box.' 'Kidnapped.')
 10. 'He will regret it when he's dead.' Who? *Answer*: The Beau. ('Davos Verrees.')
 11. Where was a bet laid that Stevenson was what? State the amount of the wager. *Answer*: Elko. A musician. Five dollars. ('Across the Plains.')
 12. Show that the number of cream tarts consumed by a young man 'since five o'clock,' divided by the residuum he subsequently swallowed, exactly equals the number of compartments in a sleeping carriage on the Great Northern line. *Answer*: $27 \div 9 = 3$. ('Suicide Club.' 'Rajah's Diamond.')
- Only one competitor was successful in answering correctly all the questions on the works of R. L. Stevenson, viz.: R. W. Fletcher, Esq., Balliol College, Oxford, to whom a cheque for two guineas has been forwarded.

It was noticeable that the majority of the competitors were masculine, while a large proportion of the replies came from North of the Tweed.

PAPER VII.

On the Works and Letters of W. M. Thackeray.
By the Rt. Hon. Sir ALGERNON WEST, G.C.B.

1. Where did Becky Sharp live in Brussels?
2. What did Thackeray, when visiting a splendid palace, want to see?
3. What musical criticism was passed by one maiden lady to another upon an awkward billet-doux?
4. Who said 'thou didst not let the sun into thy garret for fear he should bring a bailiff with him'?
5. What scriptural words were used at a reconciliation in a chapel?
6. Give the words of a prince's bitter grief at the loss of thwarted hopes and ambitions.
7. Who said, 'I economical—my wife has nothing, and I have nothing—I suppose a man can't live under that'?
8. How does Thackeray paraphrase Shakespeare's saying that 'misfortunes never come as single spies'?
9. What do women find particularly attractive in clergymen?
10. Of whom was Thackeray writing when he says, 'There go wit, fame, friendship, ambition, high repute'?
11. What was Swift's bitterest satire quoted by Thackeray?
12. What man of letters had ancestors whose swords were crossed first in war and then in peace?

Competitors must observe the following rules:

1. Each question, or part of a question marked (a), (b), and (c), must be answered in not more than six words.
2. All replies must be sent in on the printed and perforated form supplied with the Magazine. This form should be folded and sealed, and must be in the hands of the Editor not later than the first post on Monday, July 3, 1911.
3. No correspondence can be undertaken by the Editor, whose decision is final.

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